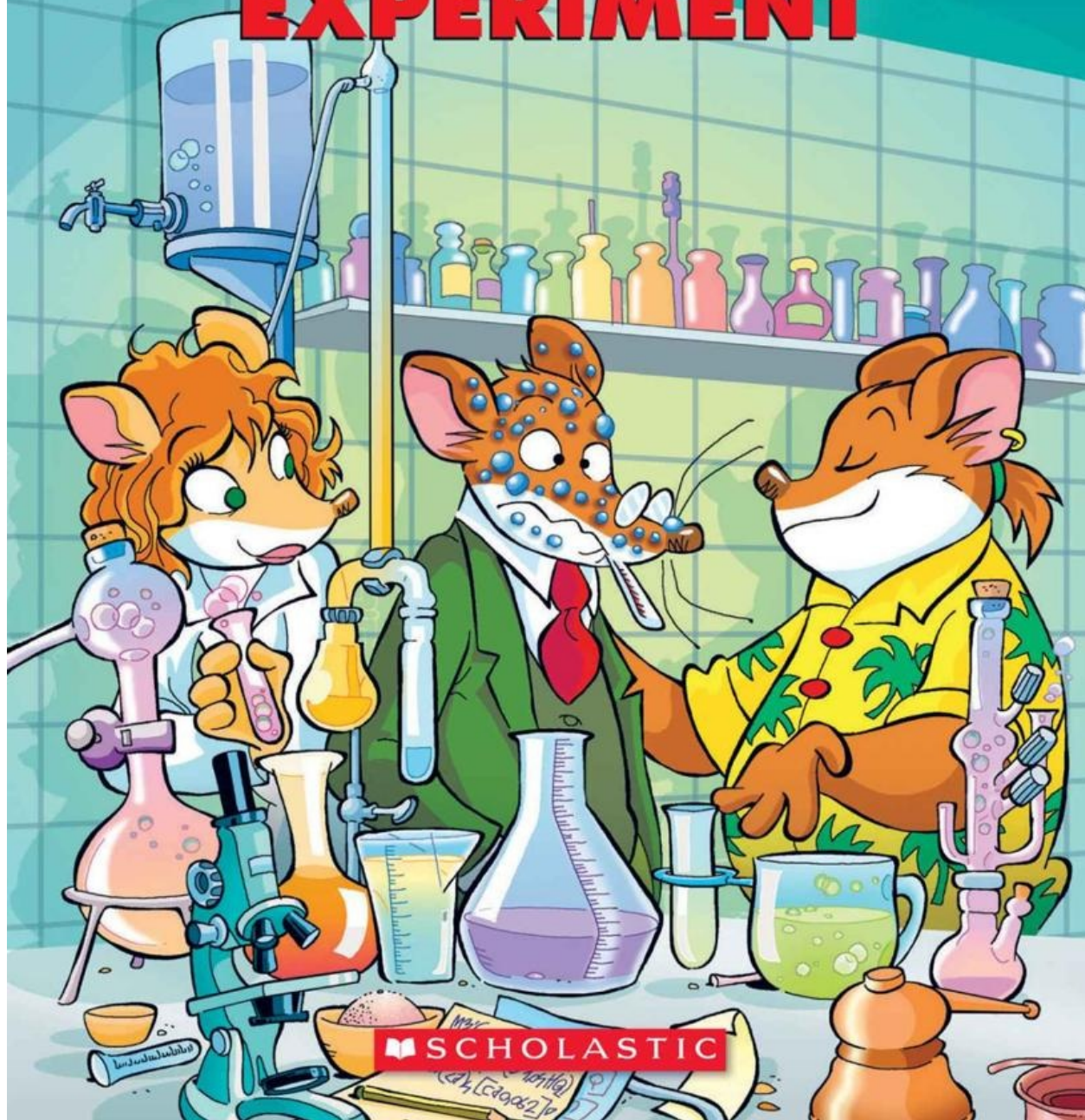




Geronimo Stilton

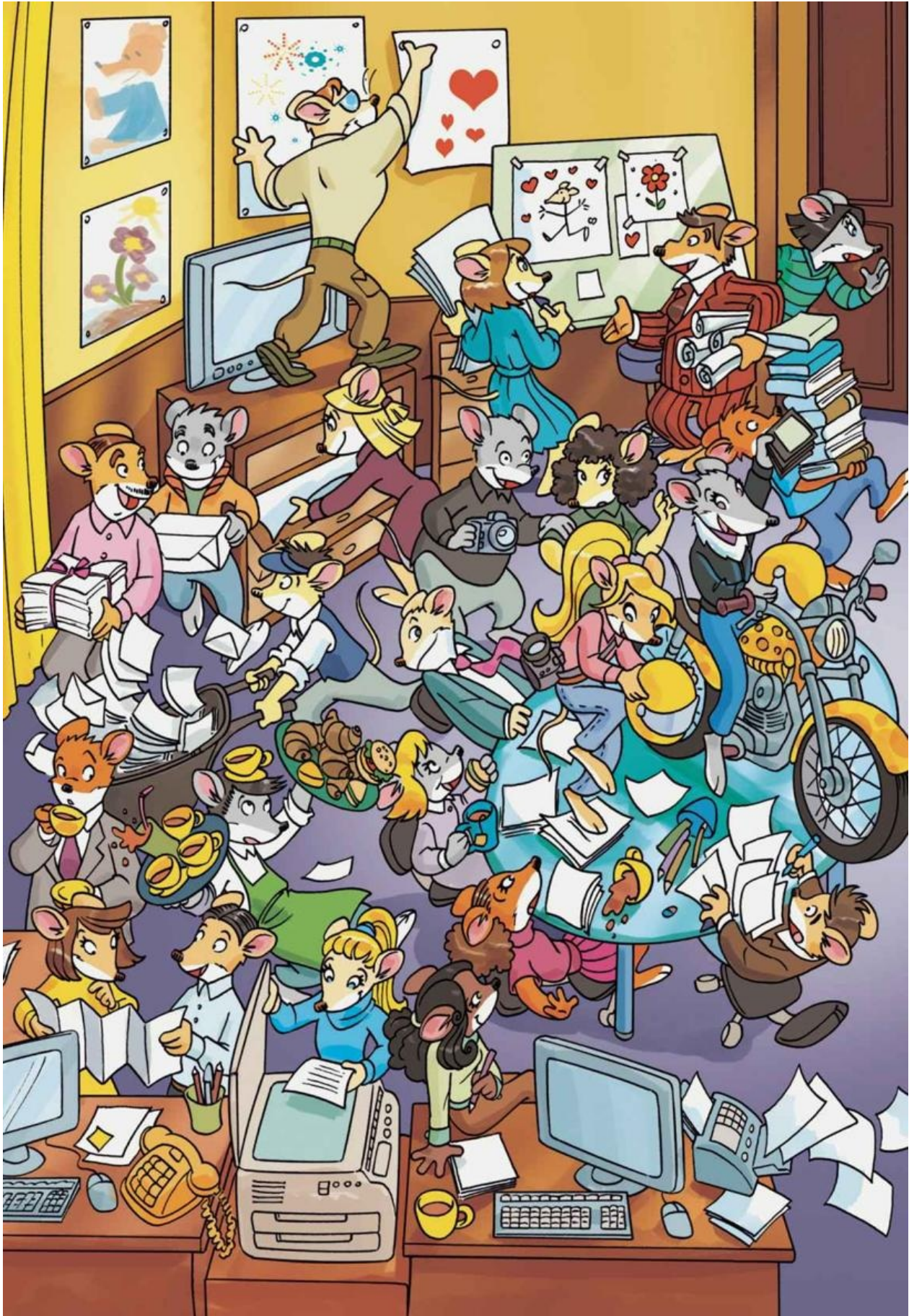
THE CHEESE EXPERIMENT



Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton



THE RODENT'S GAZETTE
EDITORIAL STAFF

The illustration depicts a bustling office environment for 'The Rodent's Gazette'. In the center, a large wooden desk is cluttered with papers, a laptop, and a plate of food. Several characters are working at the desk: one is on a red telephone, another is using a laptop, and a third is eating. To the left, a character in a green suit is talking on a red phone. In the foreground, a character in a white shirt and tie is reading a newspaper. To the right, a character in a blue suit is holding a stack of books. In the background, a character in a yellow suit is standing near a stack of books. The office is filled with bookshelves, a desk with a laptop, and a cozy armchair. The overall atmosphere is one of busy, collaborative work.





Geronimo Stilton

A learned and brainy mouse; editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*

Thea Stilton
Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*



Trap Stilton
An awful joker; Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less

Benjamin Stilton
A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew



Geronimo Stilton

THE CHEESE EXPERIMENT



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Graphics by Marta Lorini

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Translated by Lidia Morson Tramontozzi

Interior design by Kay Petronio

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A SUPER-SPECIAL DAY

One cool and peaceful Monday in late **SEPTEMBER**, I woke up early, stretched my paws over my head, and got ready for a **SUPER-SPECIAL** day . . .





OOPS, I'm sorry — I forgot to introduce myself! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*. I'm the editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island.

My job keeps me busy, but that morning I was headed to my nephew Benjamin's school for the opening of their new **science labs**. I was supposed to give a speech! I wanted to look sophisticated for **FOUR REASONS**:



I COMBED MY FUR WITH
SLEEKFUR . . .



I PUT ON MY FRESHLY
PRESSED SUIT . . .



- 1) To make my little nephew proud.
- 2) Because the school principal is a good **friend** of mine.
- 3) Because I **knew** that Dr. Margo Bitmouse — otherwise known as **Doc** — would be there. She's a marvemously smart and beautiful rodent!
- 4) Because my grandfather had called and hollered, "**GRANDSON!** Did you comb your whiskers? Did you write a good speech? Don't be a **cheesebrain**. The reputation of



I PUT ON A RED SILK TIE.
VERY FANCY!



I SPRAYED MYSELF WITH A
HINT OF PARMESAN COLOGNE.



The Rodent's Gazette is at stake!”

So I took a little longer than usual to make sure I looked *mouserific*. Finally, I checked myself in the **mirror** one last time and grinned. Not bad!

I hailed a **TAXI** and headed to Benjamin's school. On the ride, I went over the speech in my head — but the closer we got to the school, the more my tail *trembled* and my



whiskers **wobbled**! Holey cheese, I was a **WRECK**!

The taxi driver was a rodent around Grandfather William's age. He was large and had a thick gray handlebar **MUSTACHE**. He kept glancing at me in the rearview mirror.

At a **RED LIGHT**, he turned to face me. "Aren't you Geronimo Stilton? The





publisher of *The Rodent's Gazette*?”

I nodded. “Yes, that’s me!”

“Mr. Stilton, your snout is as white as a slice of **MOZZARELLA** cheese!” he said, looking worried. “Are you feeling okay? Are you getting **carsick**? There’s a special **SICKNESS BAG** under the seat — I always keep a few handy for weak-stomached rodents like you.”

I held up a paw and tried to reassure him. “Oh, it’s not car sickness. I promise. I’m just **nervous**! When I get to the school, I have to:

- 1)** walk a red carpet in front of hundreds of rodents (without tripping!),
- 2)** give a **SPEECH** in front of hundreds of rodents and TV reporters (without forgetting what to say!), and
- 3)** cut the inaugural **ribbon** for the new science labs (without snipping my paw!).”



The cabdriver raised an eyebrow and muttered, “Mr. Stilton, I assumed you were a brilliant, carefree mouse, like your grandfather **WILLIAM SHORTPAWS!** I had the pleasure of driving him around in my cab quite often in the old days.”

Cheese and crackers! I tried to **justify** myself.

“Well, usually . . . I mean, sometimes . . .





actually . . . I'm more or less an **easygoing** mouse. But today I have to give a speech, and I'm so worried about it that my **fur** is standing on end! Excuse me . . ."

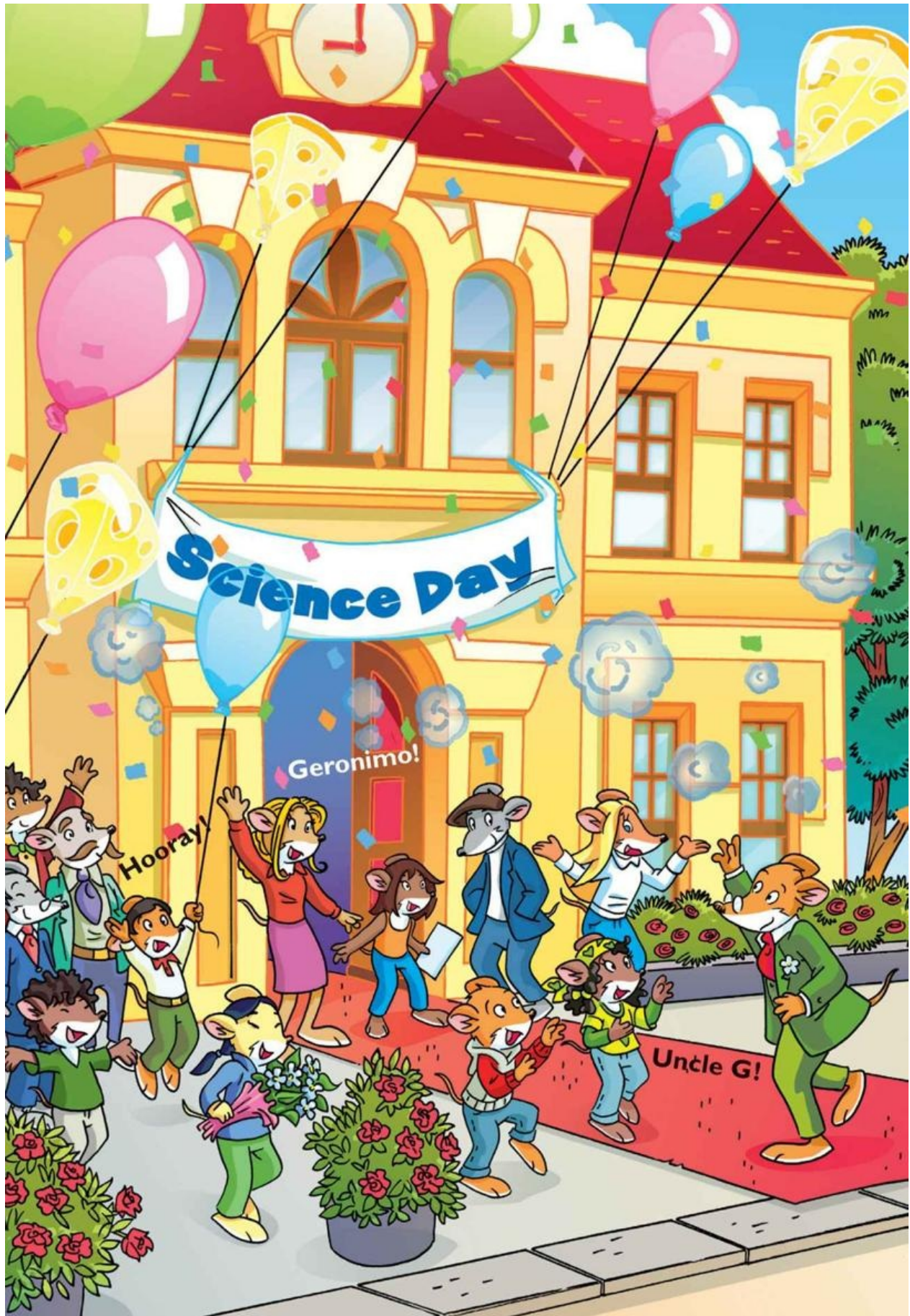
I buried my snout in the **pages** of my speech.

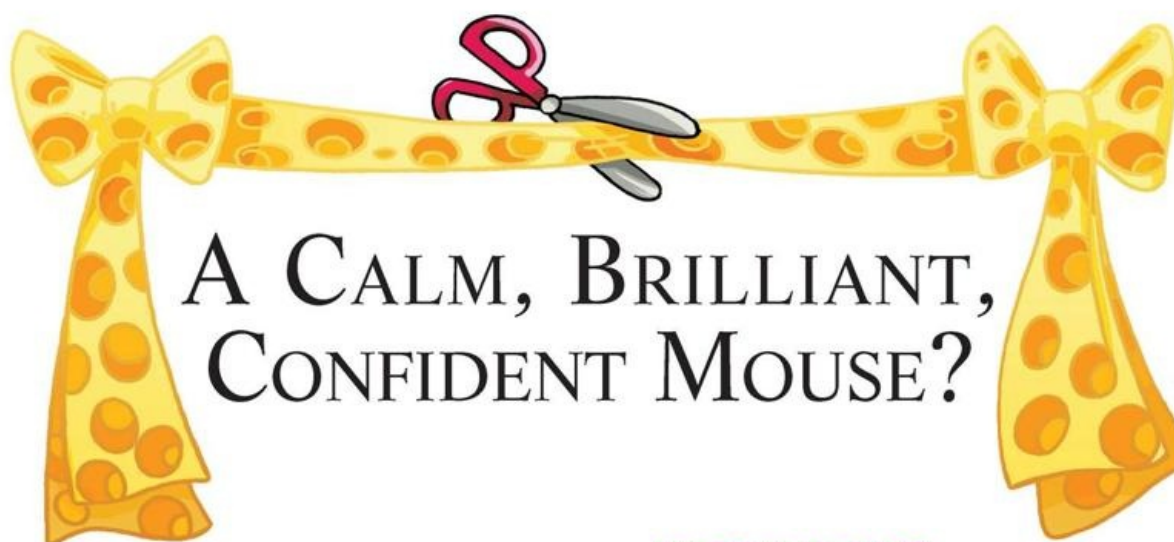
"**Humph**, they don't make journalists the way they used to," the cabdriver grumbled. "Your grandfather William was a real journalist — not a **Cheddarhead** like you!"

By now we had arrived at New Mouse City's elementary school, the same school I went to as a mouseling. As I climbed out of the taxi, I noticed something weird. There were little **BLUE CLOUDS** hovering in the air outside the school, and it **stunk** of garlic!

Cheese niblets,

HOW STRANGE!





A CALM, BRILLIANT, CONFIDENT MOUSE?

Even though I was more **NERVOUS** than a mouse in a room full of cats, the morning went well. I climbed the school steps without tripping and greeted my friend the principal with a polite **KISS ON THE PAW.**

“You’re such a **gentlemouse**, Geronimo!” she squeaked.



I didn't freeze when I gave my **speech**, even though hundreds of reporters were watching and filming me for all the TV stations on Mouse Island. I didn't get tongue-tied even once — a record for a **shy** mouse like me!

And when I **CUT** the yellow ribbon to open the new ultra-modern science labs, I didn't nick my **paws**, snip off any whiskers, or get tangled up in the ribbon. Slimy Swiss cheese, it was a **miracle**!

Was I finally becoming a calm, brilliant, and **CONFIDENT** rodent?



I scurried into the new science labs, feeling marvemouse.

When the principal began showing us the new **lab** equipment, I stood up straight and held my snout high in the air, just like a mouse who was calm, **brilliant**, and confident . . . but I didn't pay attention to the freshly waxed floor!

Proudly, I approached the principal to **compliment** her. "This lab is absolutely a state-of-the-art —"



I didn't have time to finish before I slipped on the waxed floor! After doing a **double-twisted** death-defying **somersault**, I ended up with my snout in the garbage can.

So much for being a **calm**, brilliant, confident mouse . . .

!! **SQUEAK!** !!
!! **I FELT LIKE SUCH** !!
!! **A CHEESEBRAIN!** !!

What a
cheesebrain!



I pulled my head out of the garbage can and saw the principal staring at me with a **funny** look on her snout. My face turned as **RED** as the tomato sauce on a double-cheese pizza! I tried to crack a joke.

“I know it looks like I **slipped**, but, um, I was just making sure the floor was perfectly smooth!”

The principal raised an eyebrow. “What about **diving** into the garbage can?”

Looking down at my paws, I muttered, “I was, uh, checking to see if it was empty . . .”

!!! **SQUEAK!** !!!
! I FELT LIKE SUCH
! A CHEESEBRAIN!

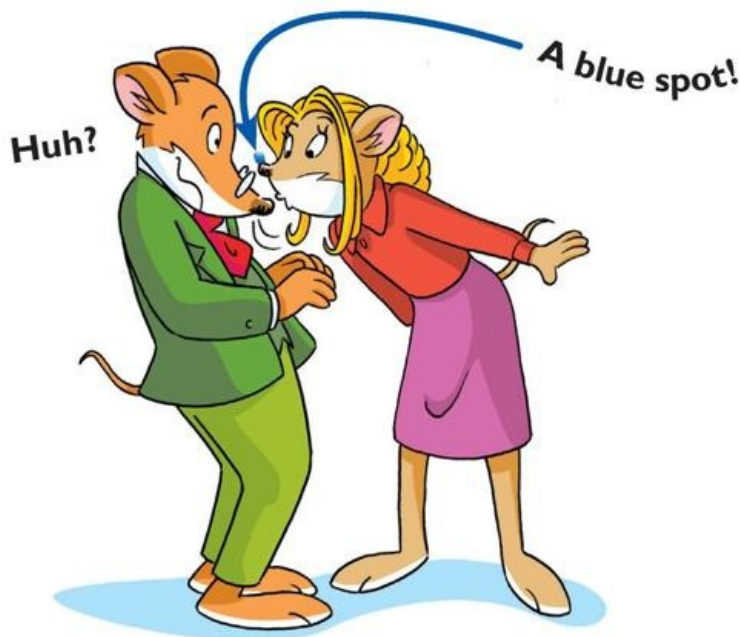


She burst out **laughing**. “Geronimo, you haven’t changed a whisker since we

were in elementary school!”

And then — *rat-munching rattlesnakes!* — she kissed me lightly on the tip of my snout. Now I was red from the ends of my ears to the tip of my tail!

At that moment, I noticed something strange. There was an enormous **b l u e s p o t** on the principal’s snout!





MOLDY MOZZARELLA — A BLUE SPOT!

Rotten rats' teeth! An ugly blue spot had popped up on my friend's snout! It was so **ENORMOUSE** and so **b l u e** that I couldn't stop staring at it.

Tugging on her whiskers nervously, she asked, "*why are you staring at my snout?*"

I didn't want to offend her, so I muttered, "Oh, I was just looking at your beautiful blue eyes . . ."

"My eyes aren't *blue*," she said slowly. "They're **BLACK!**"

Whoops.

She opened her purse, pulled out a mirror, and squeaked, "*Thundering cat tails — what*



is that blue spot?" The principal looked like she was about to faint from shock.

A second later, I heard a loud squeak from another mouse.

"Moldy mozzarella — a blue spot!"

Then I heard another squeak . . . and another . . . and another!

"Rancid ricotta — a blue spot!"

For the love of cheese, what was happening?

Just then I felt an **itch** on my snout. Did I have a blue spot, too? While everyone headed off to grab refreshments, I scampered to the **BATHROOM** . . .

Phew — I was safe! No **b l u e**



Ack! Ack! Ack!







s p o t s! I headed back to the lab, but I couldn't help thinking that this whole thing was awfully **STRANGE**.

And that's when I ran into my sister, Thea — and Doc! Doc is a tough, energetic, intelligent, and very **beautiful** rodent.

She's fabumouse! But every time I see her, I always get my tail in a twist and end up looking like a complete **CHEESEBRAIN**!

Doc



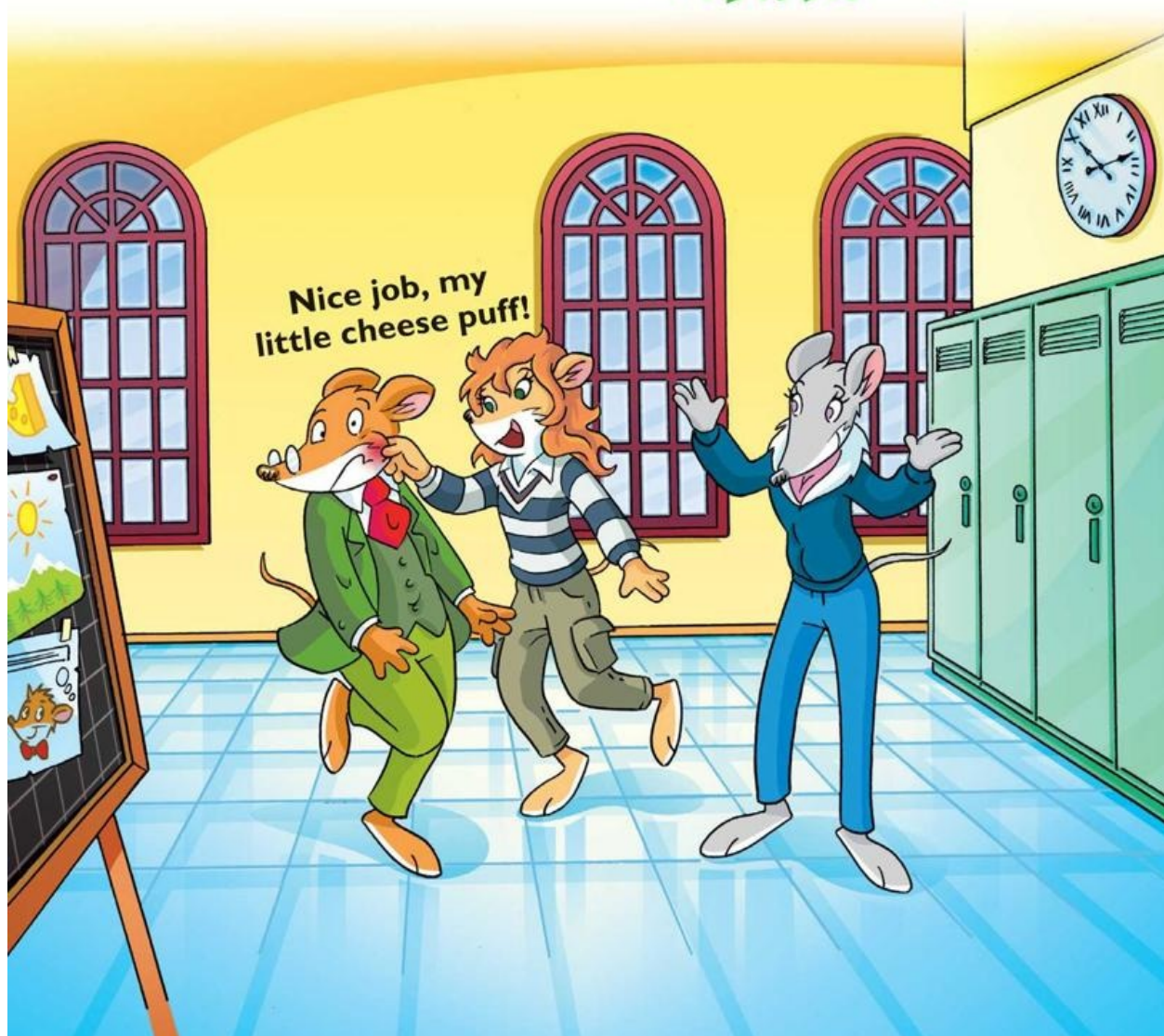
I was just hoping she hadn't seen my **somersault** — the one that ended with a dive into the garbage can. Maybe she had been looking the other way . . .

Doc **PINCHED** my cheeks and squeaked, "Nice job, my little cheese puff — you gave a marvemouse speech. And congrats



on that tumble, too!” She winked.

!!! SQUEAK! !!!
! I FELT LIKE SUCH !
! A CHEESEBRAIN! !





Peering at my paws, I headed toward the refreshments with my **TAiL** between my legs. But when I got there, I forgot all about my embarrassment . . . because most of the rodents near me were covered with **b l u e s p o t s**!

I scampered over to the principal and whispered, “Um, these blue spots **worry** me!”





I lowered my voice even further. “Should we send everyone home? They could be **CONTAGIOUS** . . .”

“You’re right, Geronimo,” she said, nodding her snout seriously.

She walked up to the **MICROPHONE** and announced, “Dear rodent friends, thank you for coming on this special day! Unfortunately, we have to bring the **FESTIVITIES** to an end. It was wonderful seeing all of you. Thank you, and good-bye!”



AN ENORMOUSE BANANA ICE CREAM CONE

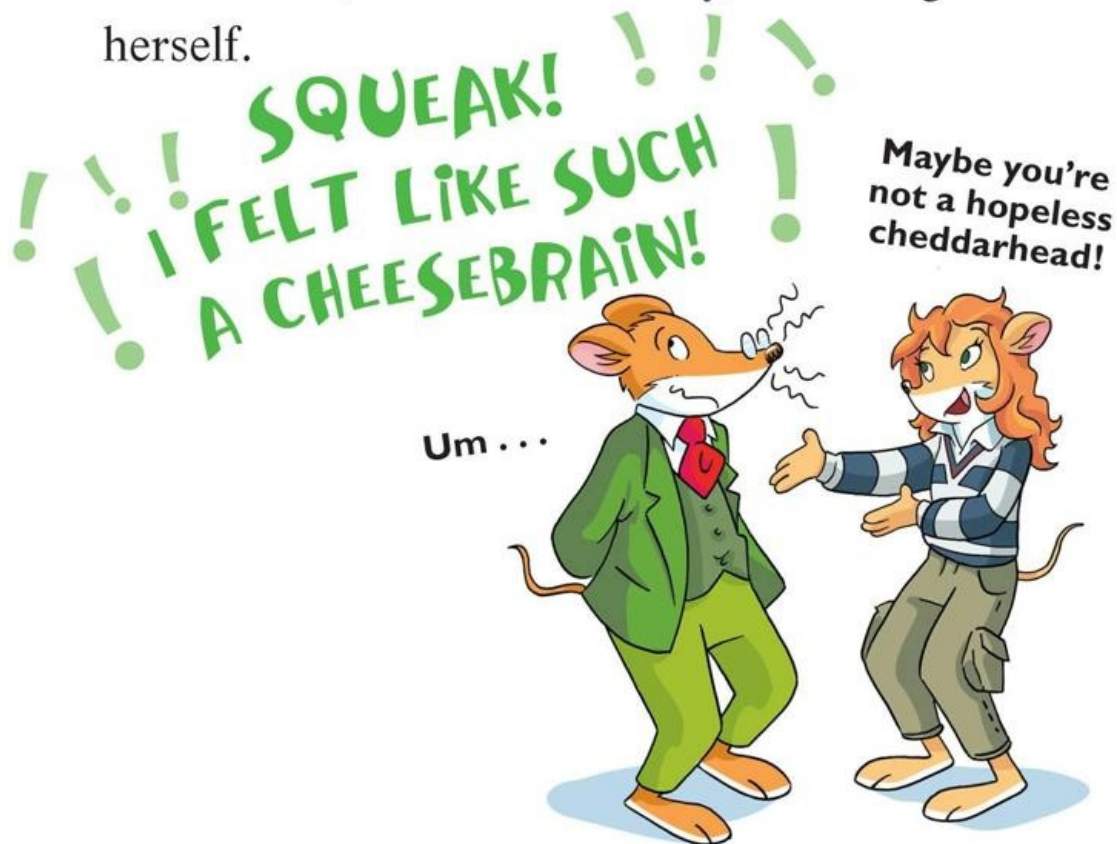
I took Benjamin's paw and headed out of the school. As we walked, he squeaked happily, "Uncle G, your speech was awesome!"

Next to him, **Bugsy Wugsy** chuckled. "The best part, though, was the surprise ending when you **dove** into the garbage can!"

I pretended I hadn't heard her because Doc had just walked out of the school. She **pinched** me on the cheek again and said, "Nice job, my little cheese puff! The principal told me it was your idea to send everyone home. You're right — those blue spots do seem contagious. Maybe you're not a **HOPELESS CHEDDARHEAD** after all . . ."

Flustered, I blurted, “Oh, compliment for the thanks. I mean, **thanks for the compliment**, even if I’m not really, totally, completely sure that what you said was a compliment, because I have a feeling you just said I’m a **HOPELESS CHEDDARHEAD** . . . but I always hope that I **DON’T** look like a cheddarhead! Anyway, thanks!”

With that, Doc walked away, chuckling to herself.



I wanted to tear out my whiskers — but I couldn't let Benjamin and Bugsy see my frustration! So I tried not to let my fur get ruffled. Instead, I said, "How about some **ice cream**?"

"Yes! Fabumouse!" Bugsy and Benjamin squeaked excitedly.

We went to the Icy Rat, which has the best ice cream in New Mouse City. We sat down at a small table and each ordered the house specialty: **SEVEN FLAVORS OF YUM.**



It was whisker-licking-good!

I had just started on the second **layer** of my ice cream — mascarpone and mint — when I heard a voice whisper, "**HEY YOU! PSSST!**"

Holey cheese — I thought



I recognized that voice! I turned around but didn't see anyone. So I shrugged, picked up my **spoon**, and dug into the ice cream again.



"HEY YOU! Pssst! Pssst! I'm talking to you!"

I turned again, but the only thing I saw was an enmourse plastic banana-flavored **ICE CREAM** cone.

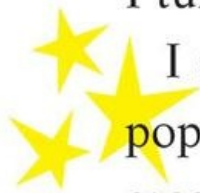


STRANGE!

I was about to take another bite of ice cream when someone

smacked me on the back so hard that I ended up snout-deep in my bowl. “Geronimo, I’ve called you **three times** now!”

Crusty cat litter! After I wiped the mascarpone-mint ice cream out of my eyes, I turned around for the third time.

 I saw a familiar snout with huge **teeth** pop out of the plastic banana-flavored ice cream cone.

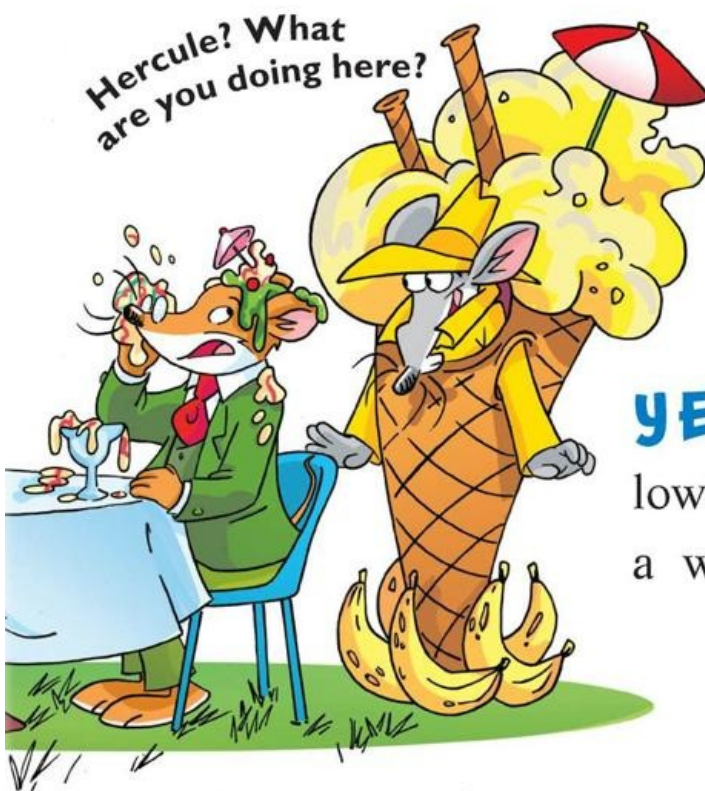
“Pssst, it’s me — Hercule Poirat! Do you like my **DISGUISE?**”



“Hercule?” I whispered in surprise. “What are you doing here?”

“I’m **investigating**,” he explained. “I want you to keep your eyes wide open. There’s a **MYSTERY** apaw, Geronimo, and I need you to help me solve it!”

HERCULE POIRAT is a famouse private detective and one of my good friends. He’s always trying to get me involved in his crazy investigations!



I couldn’t help being intrigued. “What kind of **MYSTERY** is it this time?”

“I don’t know **YET**,” Hercule said, lowering his voice to a whisper. “But stay

HERCULE POIRAT

First Name: Hercule

Last Name: Poirat

Who He Is:

Geronimo's friend since preschool. He's been playing pranks on Geronimo since they were tiny mouselings!

Profession:

Private investigator.

He runs the Poirat Agency.

Hobbies: He has a real passion for jokes and disguises. He loves to surprise Geronimo while wearing different costumes.

His Dream: To fight evil!

His Battle Cry: "Have no fear, Hercule Poirat is here!"

His Secret: He loves to eat bananas, because he thinks they cure everything from colds to calluses!



on your paws, keep your eyes wide open, and **BE ALERT**! Got it, Geronimo?”

I squeaked, “How can I **BE ALERT** if I don’t even know what I’m supposed to be looking for?”

But Hercule had already **VANISHED**!

Bugsy and Benjamin hadn’t noticed anything. They were too busy gobbling up their ice cream! When they got to the seventh layer — spicy Gorgonzola and chocolate with pistachios — they both squeaked for the seventh time, “**Holey cheese, this is soooo good!**”

When they finally looked up from their empty cups, they gaped at me with **FUNNY LOOKS** on their snouts. Then they both burst out laughing!

“You really liked your ice cream, huh, Uncle G?” Benjamin said with a giggle.

“It’s all over you! You look like you did a
SNOUTDIVE right into the bowl!”

!! SQUEAK! !!
!! I FELT LIKE SUCH A CHEESEBRAIN !!





NEWS FLASH!

I took Benjamin and Bugsy home, then scampered back to my house. Rancid ricotta, I was so sticky from the ice cream that an annoying swarm of *flies* had begun buzzing all around me! To get rid of them, I took a warm shower, *scrubbed my fur*

with mozzarella-scented soap, and finished with a dusting of fresh cheese-scented powder.

Once I was clean, I wandered into the kitchen for a snack. I made myself a *triple-decker* cheese sandwich, along with a huge mozzarella milkshake.



Yum!



I turned on the **TV** to watch the news and began nibbling on my **SANDWICH**. But what I heard the reporter say almost made me choke on my cheese!

“**ALARMING** news flash from New Mouse City, Mouse Island’s capital,” he began. “It seems that rodents there have been struck by a **bizarre** disease — a disease that is very contagious and produces strange **b l u e s p o t s**! The best scientists in New Mouse City are currently **looking** into this bizarre phenomenon. Stay tuned to **WRAT TV** for the latest!”

I turned **off** the TV, gobbled down my food, and got **DRESSED**





faster than a rat with a cat on his tail. Then I called *The Rodent's Gazette* office. Everyone there sounded totally **rattled**!

Before I could **SQUEAK**, Priscilla Prettywhiskers shouted, "**BOSS!** Where are you? Did you hear about the blue spots? *What do you want us to do?*"

"Priscilla, **SHAKE A PAW** and get all the editors together for an emergency meeting!" I said.

I hung up and called Mayor Frederick





Fuzzypaws, one of my old friends. He cried, “*Geronimo!*” I need your help to **REASSURE** New Mouse City’s rodents about this blue spot breakout. I’m counting on you!”

The next rodent I called was Thea, who also shouted in my ear. “Geronimo! Did you hear the **NEWS** about the blue spots?”

“**Of course I did!**” I squeaked. “I need you to call all our friends and family except for Grandfather. Have them meet us at *The Rodent’s Gazette* office in two shakes of a mouse’s tail!”

I hung up and hightailed it

Boss!



Geronimo!



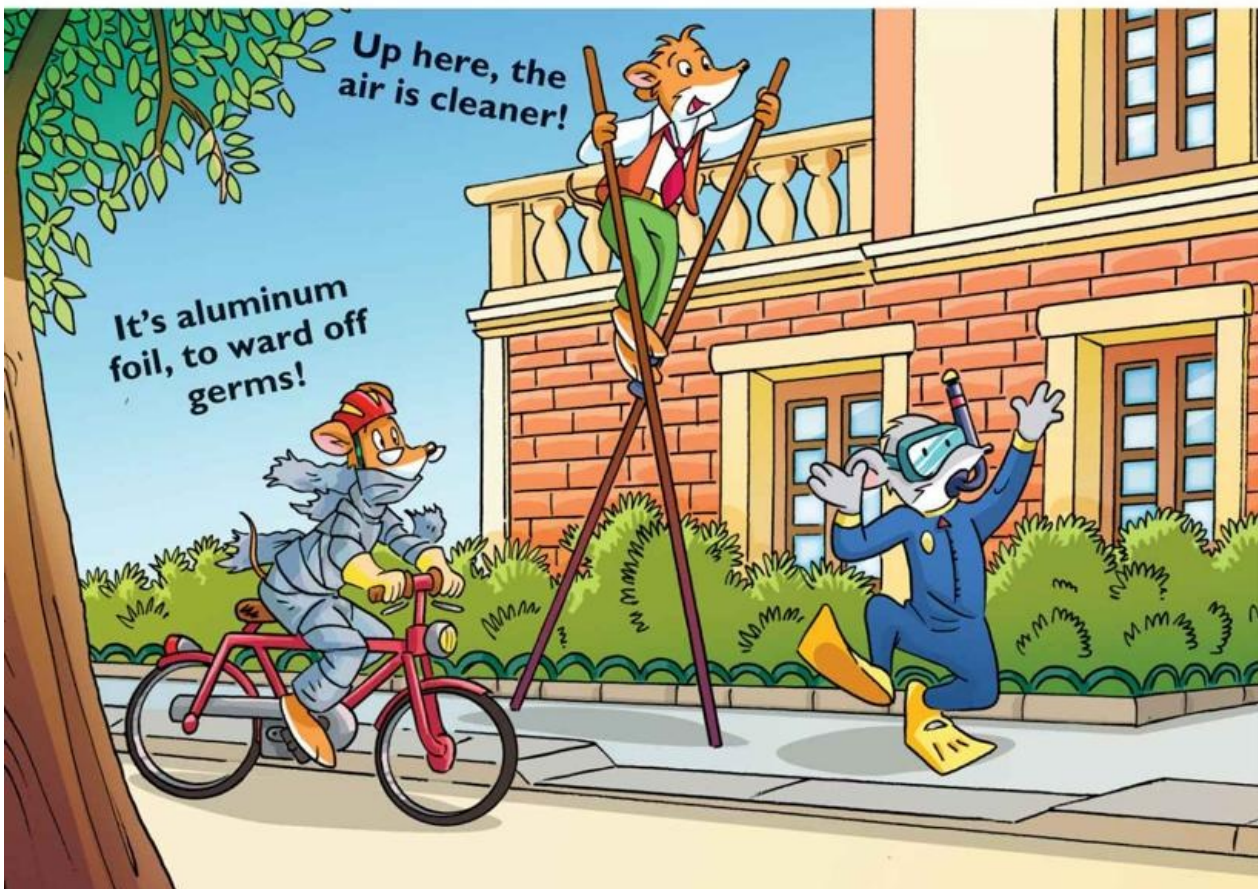
Did you hear the news?





to *The Rodent's Gazette*. Out on the street, I was struck squeakless. It looked like many rodents had already reacted to the **EMERGENCY** — and they'd taken matters into their own paws in all different ways!

First, a **strange** mouse wearing a **WET SUIT**, goggles, and a snorkel accidentally stepped on my tail.





Another was walking on **stilts** — to breathe cleaner air, he said — and another had wrapped himself in **aluminum foil**. One rodent had even smeared herself with a concoction made of rotten **GORGONZOLA** cheese. She was surrounded by a cloud of flies! Rats, what a smell!

Pinching my snout, I asked, “Escuze be. Why bid yu zbear yurzelf wid rodded





Corconzola?” (Translation: “Excuse me. Why did you smear yourself with rotten Gorgonzola?”)

She answered, “Mr. Stilton, I thought it was obvious — the smell keeps the **germs** away! Know who told me? My furdresser’s mother-in-law’s friend’s . . .”

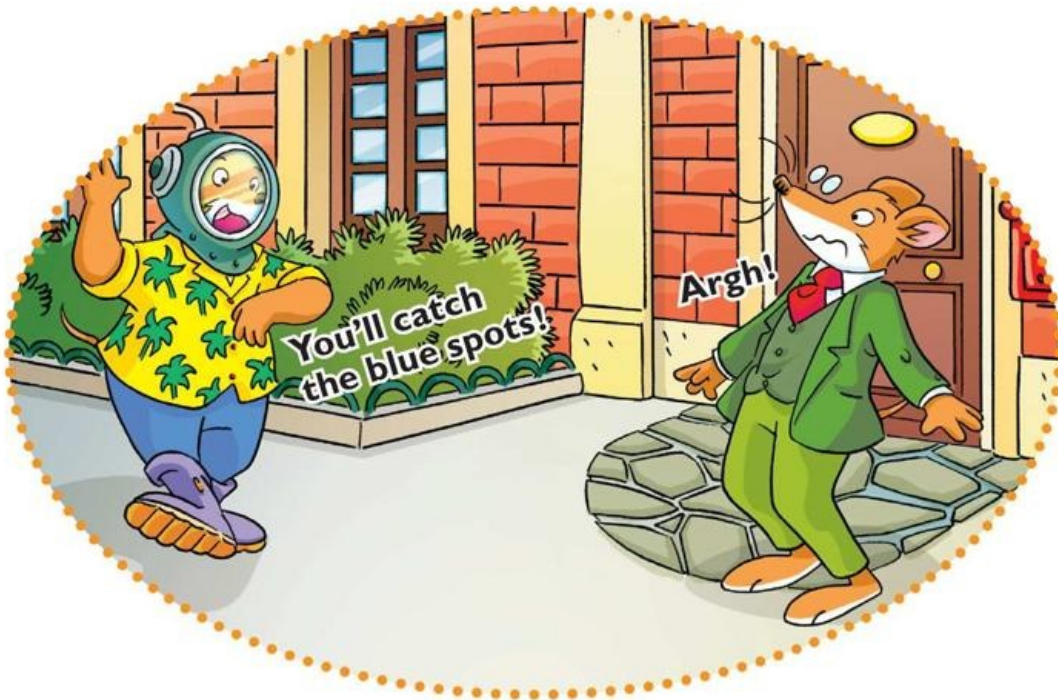
But I stopped listening when I spotted Trap. He was wearing a deepwater **diver’s**





helmet! He started talking to me, but with that **HELMET** over his snout, I couldn't hear a single word. I stared at his mouth, and after a while I figured out what he was saying by reading his **LIPS**.

"You'll catch the blue spots! **NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH-NAH!**" he singsonged. "I have this helmet, so I don't have to worry!"





AN ENORMOUSLY IMPORTANT CURE!

When I arrived at *The Rodent's Gazette*, the conference room was **packed**! We had to put a double row of chairs around the table so that everyone could fit.

EVERYONE was there — the staff of *The Rodent's Gazette*, plus **ALL** of my friends and relatives, including Grandfather William! Cheese and crackers! I had left instructions not to tell him about the meeting, but there he was in the **front row**.



Grandfather always manages to find out about everything. And when there's an **EMERGENCY**,

 **GRANDFATHER WILLIAM**



he scampers back to *The Rodent's Gazette* and takes control!

As soon as he saw me, he squeaked, "There's no time to waste! The city is in chaos, and the **b l u e s p o t s** are popping up everywhere. Get your tail in gear!"

Trap jumped up and showed us a **sign** that he had written. It said, *Here's the solution: a good helmet. Ta-da!*





“Trap, I don’t think that’s going to work,” I said, scratching my snout. “We can’t live with helmets over our snouts all the time. We need to find a **REAL SOLUTION!**”

“Well said, Grandson! You do seem somewhat intelligent when you try,” Grandfather William said. “And because I’m always a paw ahead of you, I’ve already asked my friend *Professor Brainymouse* to find the solution!”

Only then did I notice the **intelligent-looking** rodent seated next to my grandfather. He cleared his throat and squeaked, “Rodents, diving helmets and other do-it-yourself remedies don’t work! To **fight** this strange disease, we first have to pinpoint exactly what it is. Once we know that, then we find the **CURE!**”

Trap shrugged and held up another

Professor Brainymouse

Name: Professor Brainymouse

Eyes: Dark and sparkling

Height: Very tall

Residence: 103
Neuron Way, New
Mouse City

Profession:

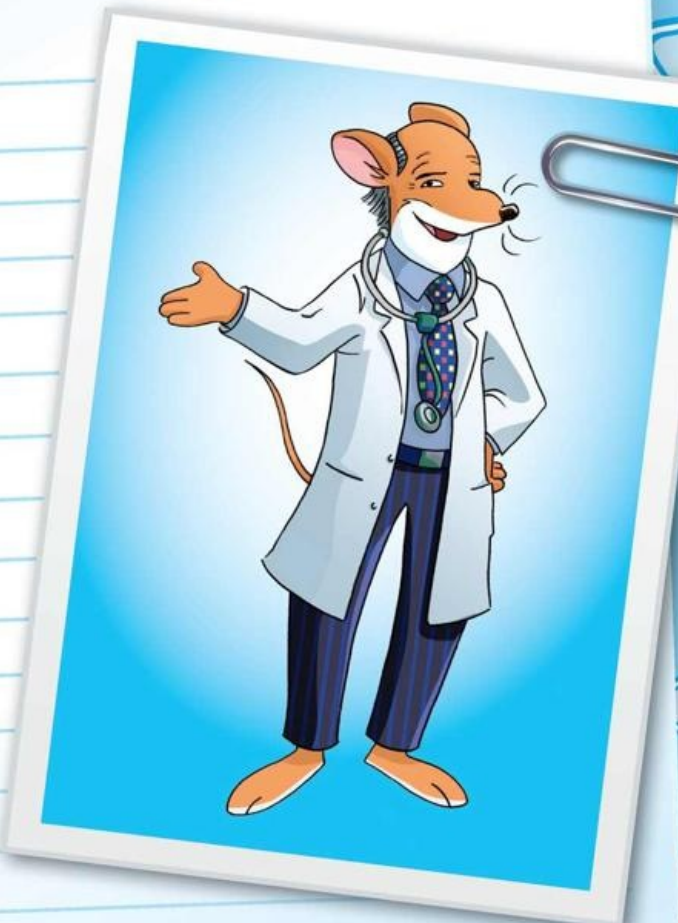
Doctor and
researcher (He has
thirteen doctorate
degrees!)

Distinguishing

Features: He's always smiling.

His Secret: He's a vegetarian —
he doesn't eat any meat.

His Motto: "Better to prevent than to cure!"



AN ENORMOUSLY



IMPORTANT CURE!

SIGN: *I'll never take off the helmet! You never know what could happen. I don't want to get sick!*

Moldy mozzarella, once my cousin gets a **furbrained** idea in his head, there's no stopping him!

"What about us?" asked **THEA**. "What can *The Rodent's Gazette* do?"

Professor Brainymouse smiled.





I quickly read his **list** and announced, “No problem. We’ll take care of getting the most **CRUCIAL INFORMATION** out to the citizens of New Mouse City!”

The professor got up and **SQUEAKED**, “Thank you! In the meantime, I’ll scurry over to the laboratory and **START** on the **Research** immediately. **PROFESSOR VON VOLT**, Doc, and a group of the best researchers in New Mouse City

HERE’S WHAT **THE RODENT’S GAZETTE** WILL DO:

- 1) KEEP RODENTS INFORMED BY PRINTING A SPECIAL EDITION OF THE RODENT’S GAZETTE DETAILING HOW EVERYONE SHOULD RESPOND TO THIS CRISIS.
- 2) RAISE FUNDS TO FINANCE THE RESEARCH.
- 3) WRITE, COPY, AND DISTRIBUTE FLYERS DETAILING KEY STEPS THAT ALL RODENTS SHOULD FOLLOW:
 - **ALWAYS WASH PAWS** WITH SOAP AND WATER.
 - **EAT PLENTY OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES** TO STRENGTHEN THE IMMUNE SYSTEM.
 - **KEEP CALM** AND CONTACT YOUR DOCTOR WITH QUESTIONS.



are **waiting** for me!”

As soon as I heard the name *Doc*, I blushed and **stammered**, “Er . . . I—I—I would be happy to go with you. So that I can . . . keep the readers up-to-date with the progress of my engage — I mean, the progress of the research!”

Professor Brainymouse **looked** at me like I had three snouts! He checked in my eyes, checked my pulse, took my blood pressure, and ordered me to open my mouth.

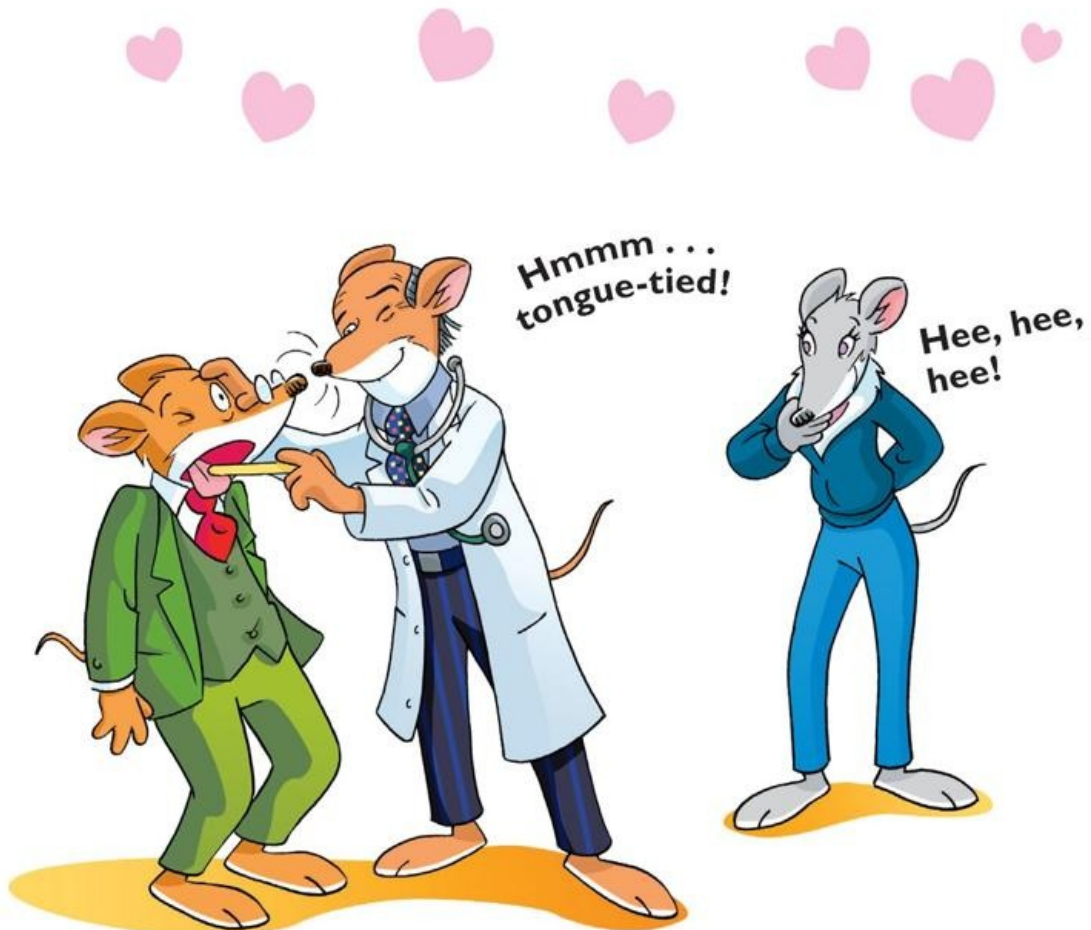
“Hmmm . . . **WHITE** eyeballs, high blood pressure, red ears, **pink** cheeks, **wobbly** legs, tongue-tied. There’s no doubt! It’s a bad case of —”

Rancid ricotta! I quickly interrupted him.

“Professor, tell me the truth!” I begged, twisting my tail. “Do I have a bad case of **B l u e S p o t D i s e a s e**?”



“No, nothing that serious. You’re as healthy as **FRESH SHARP CHEDDAR!**” He winked and whispered, “Mr. Stilton, you’ve got . . . **A BAD CRUSH!**”





WHAT A FABUMOUSE TEAM!

Grandfather William stared at me over the top of his **glasses** and exclaimed, “A crush? How **SILLY**! Geronimo, don’t you dare make me look bad in front of my friend. Get your tail in gear! For now, I’ll

Get your tail
in gear!



leave you in charge — but if you don’t **shape up**, I’ll take over!

Understand?”

I **PROMISED** my grandfather I’d do my very best. Chattering cheddar, what else could I say? As soon as he and Professor Brainymouse left, I was ready to get to work. There



was so much to do, but I couldn't let it
ruffle my fur!

My entire **STAFF** and all my **FRIENDS**
wanted to help. First, I noted every mouse's
age and skill. Then Patty Plumprat helped
me **organize** everything that needed to
be done. Soon, every rodent had been given
a specific task.

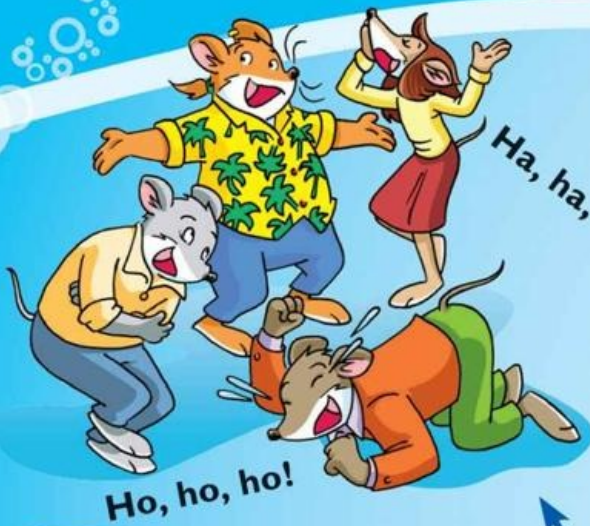
WHAT A FABUMOUSE TEAM!

Trap, Thea, Benjamin, and Buggy Wuggy
offered to come with me to Professor
Brainymouse's lab and see how the research
was going. Thea was in charge of taking
PHOTOS, Benjamin and Buggy were
writing a **BLOG** to keep our readers
informed about the progress, and Trap —
well, Trap kept us all laughing with his
JOKES.

Together, we headed to the Academy of

WHAT A FABUMOUSE TEAM!

Heh, heh, heh!



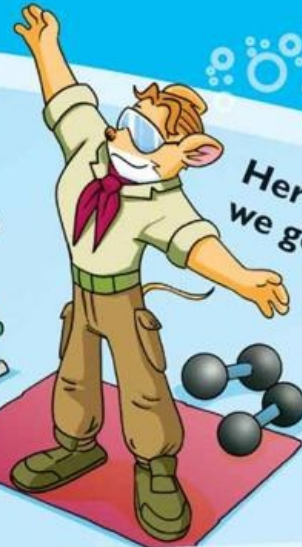
Ho, ho, ho!

Trap kept us all laughing with his jokes!

Ha, ha, ha!

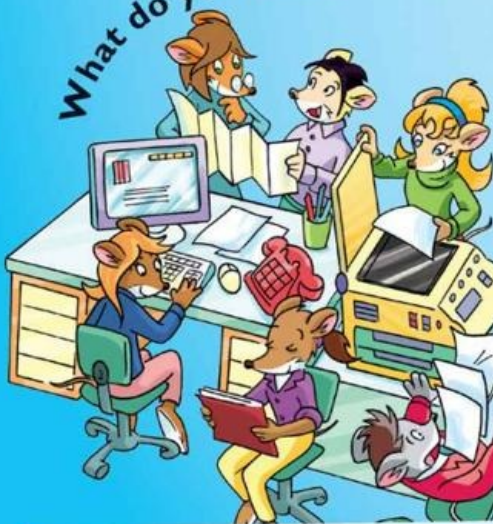


Here we go!



Bruce Hyena suggested some exercises to keep the residents of New Mouse City in shape.

What do you think?



Is everything ready?

Let's go!

My staff made flyers that explained how to strengthen the body's immune system and avoid infection.



Uncle Samuel S. Stingysnout wanted to be in charge of raising money to finance the research. Since he's known for his stinginess, I decided that Aunt Sweetfur (the most generous mouse in my family) should work with him. Wild Willie and 00K, both experts in martial arts, also joined the fund-raising team. They were ready, willing, and able to protect the money we raised!

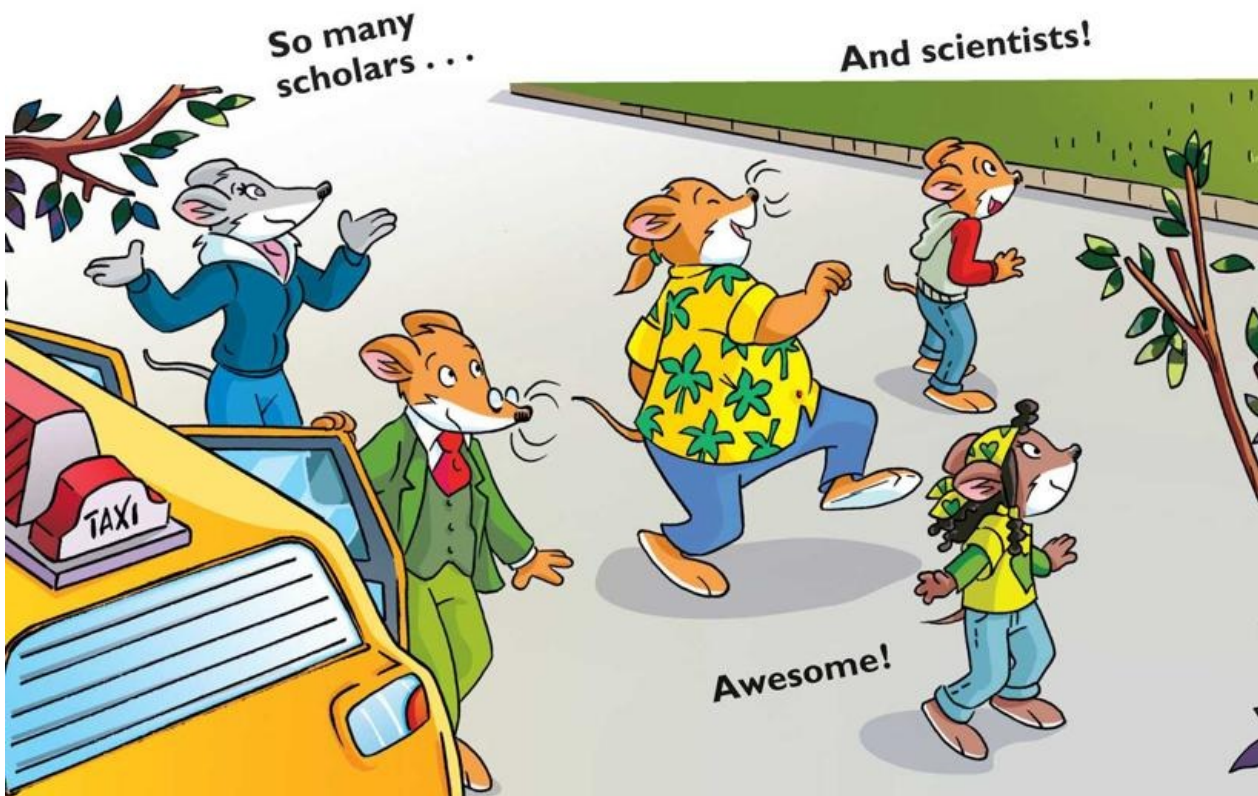
Tina Spicytail prepared healthy fruit and vegetable drinks for everyone!

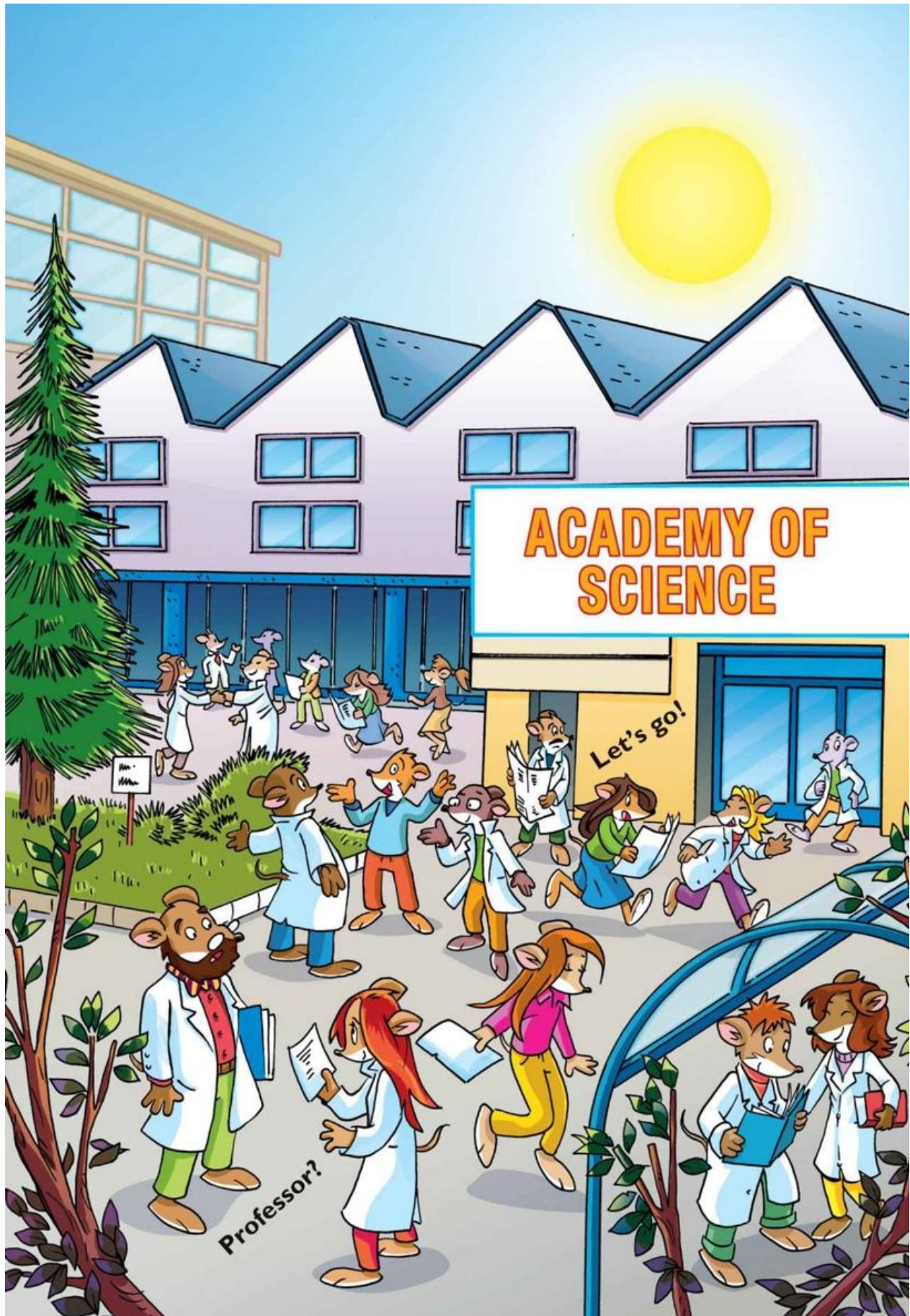
Fresh-squeezed drinks, anyone?





Science, New Mouse City's top scientific university. Professor Brainymouse's **team** was holed up there, working around the clock to find a cure for the strange blue spots. The **CAMPUS** had been recently built in a brand-new neighborhood on the outskirts of New Mouse City. It wasn't even on the map yet, but everyone already called it the **SCIENCE QUARTER!**







The academy had the most modern science laboratories and the biggest science library on Mouse Island. The very **best of the best** researchers worked and studied there.
MOUSERIFIC!

At the campus entrance, a tall, athletic mouse wearing an oversized lab coat greeted us with a bright smile.

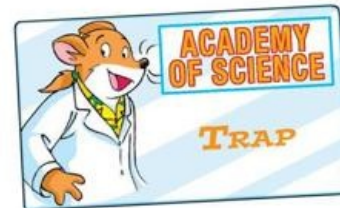




“I bet you’re Mr. Stilton!” he squeaked. “I’m Richard Curlytail, assistant and researcher. Call me Rick! This way, please. The professor is waiting for you!”

Thea shook his paw. “Nice to meet you, Rick — I’m Thea, and this is Benjamin, Bugsy Wugsy, and Trap.”

“Welcome! For **safety** and **security** reasons, please put on these coats.” After giving us lab coats, he handed each of us a small card and squeaked, “Here! These are your **ID BADGES**. Keep them on you at all times!”

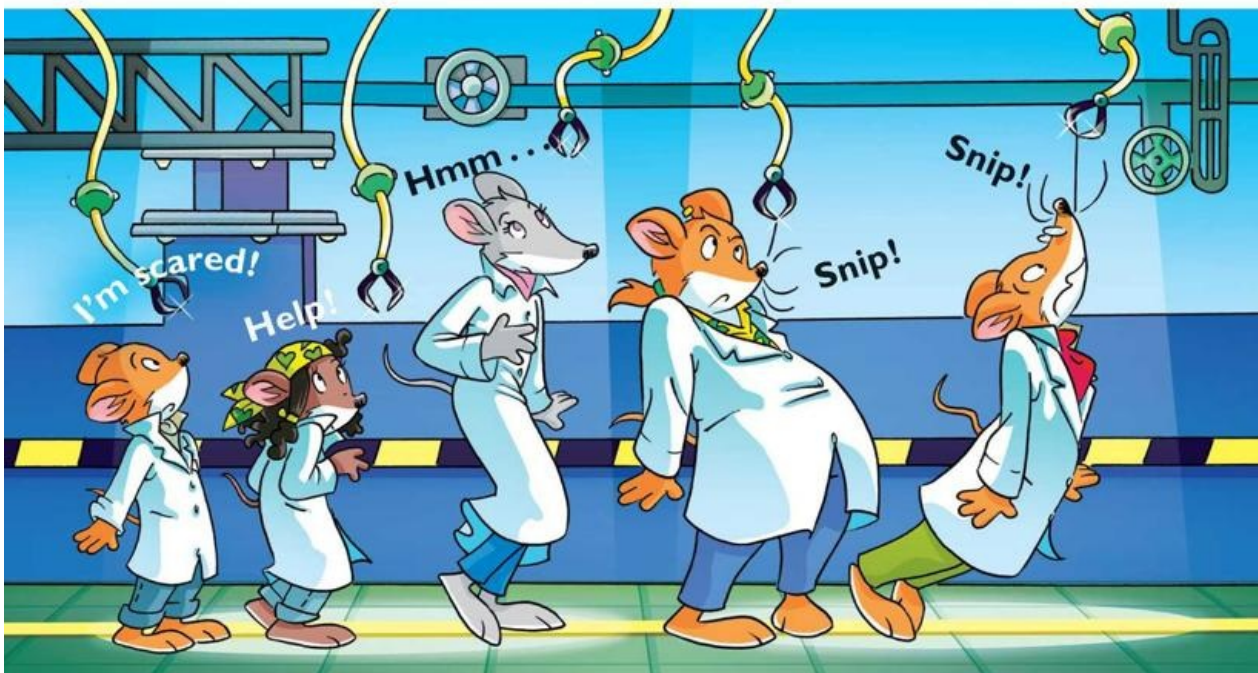




SERIOUS SECURITY!

Rick led us through some big rooms, courtyards, warehouses, and stairwells until we finally came to Professor Brainymouse's **laboratory**. He made us all walk single file on a **YELLOW LINE** as a high-tech **camera** scanned our eyes. Rat-munching rattlesnakes, this was some serious security!

Suddenly, five **MECHANICAL ARMS** popped out of the ceiling, all





holding huge pairs of tweezers. They plucked a whisker from each of us. **Yow!** Holy cheese, that hurt!

“Sorry about the **WHISKERS**,” Rick apologized. “But it’s a necessary precaution! Now the security system will recognize your **EYES** and your **DNA**.”*

I nodded. “I understand. I’ve been in some top secret scenarios before!”

“Listen up, everyone!” Rick squeaked. “Professor Brainymouse’s lab requires the highest level of **SECURITY**. Do you understand?” He lowered his **VOICE**. “The professor has even given this project a special

LABORATORY SAFETY

In science laboratories, it is very important to follow strict guidelines. These guidelines are for everyone’s safety and protection. Lab coats, gloves, goggles, masks, and special hoods are some of the precautions that may be required to avoid exposure to dangerous substances.

Laboratories can be subdivided into safety levels; each level is based on the degree of danger it poses and the kind of work under way.

*DNA is the genetic code. It is unique for every living thing.



code name: the Cheese Experiment. That way, other mice won't know what he and his team are working on!"

Once we were all suited up, Rick entered the access code on a **keypad**, and the door to the laboratory opened. He escorted us into the lab, where Professor Brainymouse waved in welcome.

"Welcome to the Cheese Experiment!" he whispered with a wink. "Let me show you around. But please, be **very quiet**. It's



**Professor
Paws von
Volt**

Professor Paws von Volt and his nephew Dewey are inventors and scientists. They specialize in time travel!



**Dewey von
Volt**



**Rick
Curlytail**

Rick Curlytail is a brilliant biologist. Wanda McSlice is a bit of a mystery mouse, but she's very smart and capable.



**Wanda
McSlice**



important not to distract the researchers! They're working on very complicated experiments, and they need to keep their snouts down and **FOCUS**."

He turned to me. "Mr. Stilton, be sure to take good notes. Your grandfather asked me to keep an eye on you! It's important that your readers are *well-informed*."

"Of course," I quickly answered. "I respect my readers!"





I pulled out a **notebook** and began to scribble. First, I wrote down the name and special skills of each researcher.

I spotted Professor Paws von Volt and his nephew **DEWEY**, along with Vivian von Volt, Professor Astrofur, and Dr. Swisswhiskers.

There were other young researchers in the lab, too, including a striking rodent with platinum **blond** fur and icy-blue **EYES** whom I had never seen before. Her name was Wanda McSlice, and she was a biotechnologist with a scholarship paid by a company named **Cheese, Inc.**

And, naturally, **DOC** was there, too.

FORMING A RESEARCH TEAM

A research team can be made up of researchers specializing in various areas.

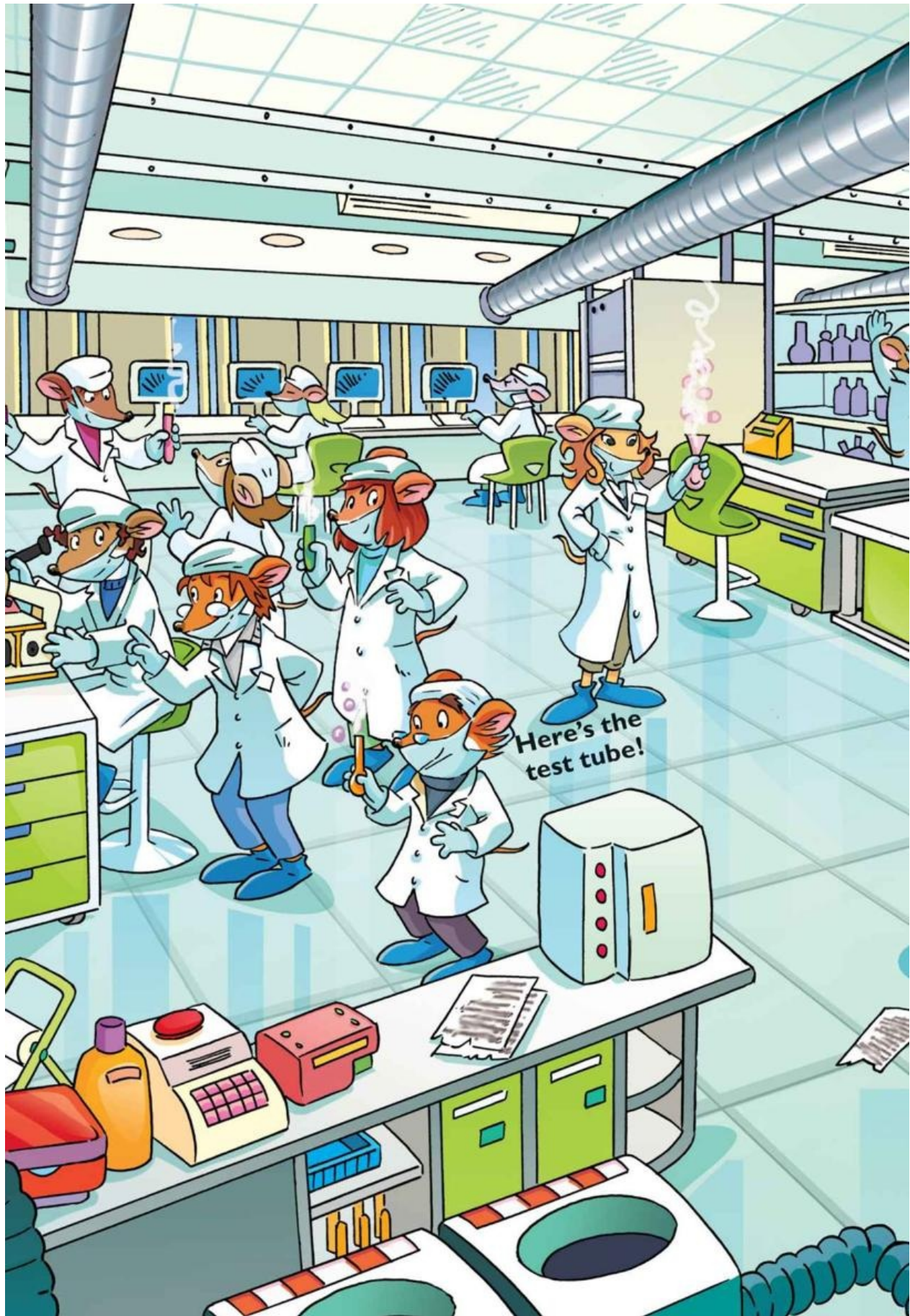
This is helpful because there are often many different kinds of problems to solve! There may be biologists, physicists, chemists, and doctors all on one team. Even philosophers and experts in bioethics can be part of the team!



!! SQUEAK! !!
!! MY TAIL TREMBLED, !!
AND MY FUR STOOD ON END!

I was so excited that when I walked past her, I **TRIPPED** on the leg of a stool. I spun on my paws, did a double flip, landed flat on my belly, and smacked my snout on the floor! **Bang!**









GOOD NEWS AND BAD NEWS

All the researchers turned to look at me, and I **blushed** from the ends of my ears to the tip of my tail.

“**Shhh!** Geronimo, couldn’t you stay on your paws for once?” Thea scolded me.

Trap **FLICKED** my ear with a grin.

“Try not to be such a cheesebrain, Cuz!”

Rotten
rats’ teeth!



Just then **WANDA MCSLICE** jumped to her paws and **screached**, “**Rotten** rats’ **TEETH!** I can’t work with all this noise!”



She stormed out, **SLAMMING** the door behind her. She certainly had her tail in a twist!

“She’s a little edgy,” Rick explained, “but she’s the best in her field.”

Doc gave him a wry look as she walked over and **pinched** me on the cheek.

“Here’s my little cheese puff — I heard you coming! It was the familiar **smack** on the floor that gave you away!”

cheese nibbles,
how **embarrassing**!
“I—I—I didn’t trip!”
I **stammered**. “I—I
wanted to . . . um . . . see
if the floor was clean!”

I was a **mess**! Luckily,
the professor stepped in
and asked us to follow





him to the conference room for an **important** announcement.

Professor Brainymouse sat down behind a large desk, cleared his throat, and said, “Dear colleagues, I have **GOOD** news and **bad** news. Which do you want to hear first?”

“The **GOOD** news!” we all exclaimed.

The professor nodded grimly. “The **GOOD NEWS** is that I discovered the name of this mysterious Blue Spot Disease while I was looking through a very old book. The disease is called **RODENTIA SPOTILITIS!**” He looked at me. “Did you get that, Geronimo?”

“Yes!” I said, my pen flying across the page. “So what’s the bad news?”

“The **bad news** is that there’s no cure — so it’s up to us to find one. Rick will give you all the research protocol! * **GOOD LUCK!**”

The scientists scampered out of the room.

*Research protocol is a detailed description of phases and procedures that every researcher must follow carefully.

RODENTIA SPOTILITIS

WHAT IT IS: A very rare disease, described hundreds of years ago in an ancient document titled "The Mysterious Blue Spot Disease." Now the condition is better known as rodentia spotilitis.

SYMPTOMS: Blue spots all over the body — especially on the snout!

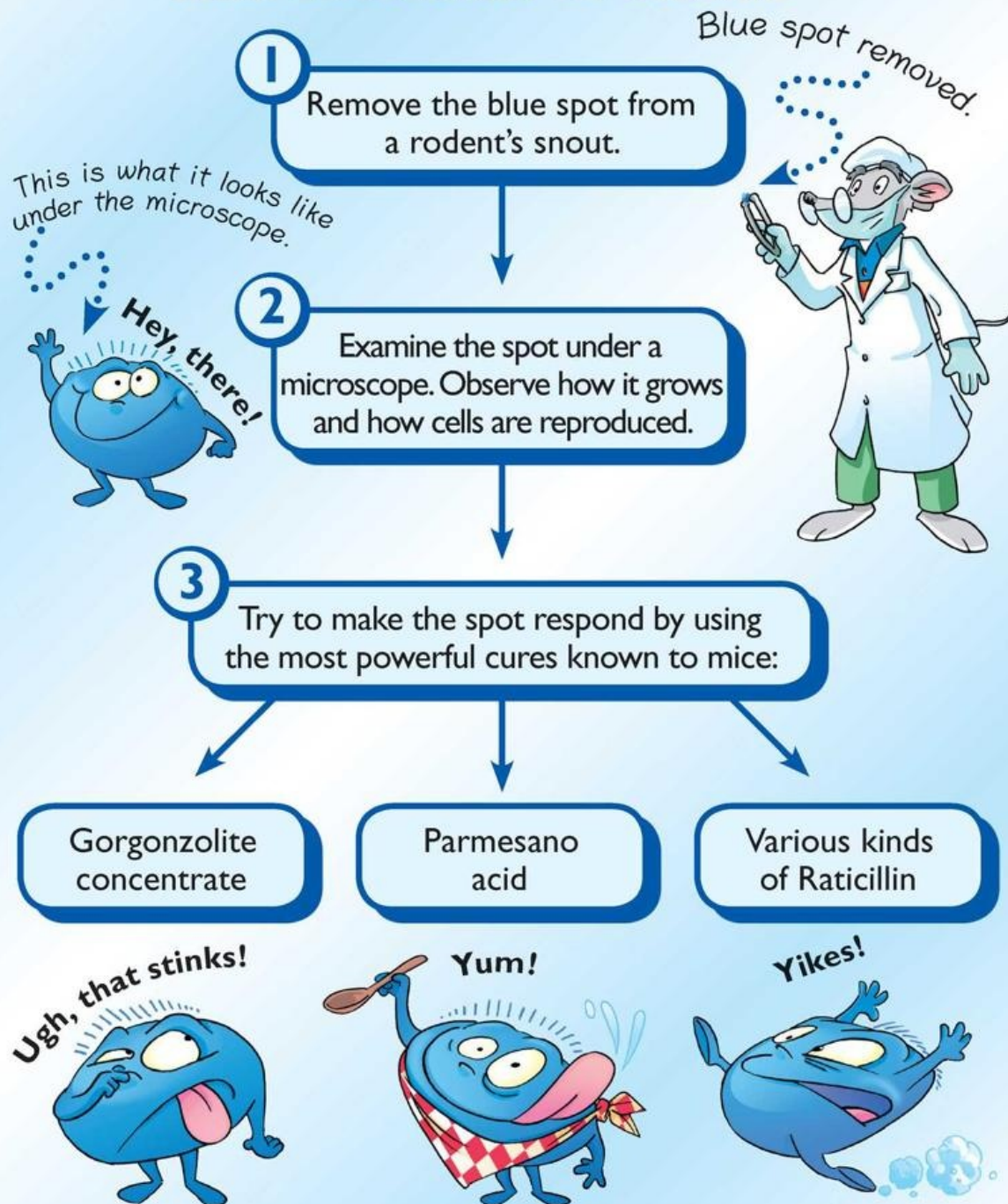
HOW IT EVOLVES: If not addressed, it causes rigidity of the tail. If left untreated for too long, it can even cause the tail to fall off!

CAUSE: Unknown!

CURE: Unknown!

CURRENT PLAN: Analyze the blue spots; find the cause of the disease; find the cure.

RESEARCH PROTOCOL FOR STUDYING BLUE SPOT DISEASE AKA RODENTIA SPOTILITIS





I sat there reviewing my notes and minding my own business when — jumping Jack cheese! A **cactus plant** pricked me!

“**YOW!**” I squeaked, leaping to my paws.

“Pssst, Geronimo!” the plant whispered.

“It’s me, Hercule! Did you like my little **prank?**”

I sighed. “No, I didn’t! My tail is full of **THORNS!**”

“Well, it’s time to get your tail in gear. From this moment on, I want you to keep an **EYE** on the researchers — don’t let them out of your sight for a second! Because **they** are working





day and night, **YOU** have to stay awake day and night.”

Thundering cat tails! “What if I have to go to the **BATHROOM**, or if I feel **SLEEPY**, or if I get **hungry**?” I protested.

“Geronimo, this is important!” Hercule squeaked. “If you’re hungry, have some **banana candies**. They’ll give you energy!” He shoved a pawful of the candies into my mouth.

YUCK!





EYES OPEN DAY AND NIGHT!

From then on, I kept my eyes wide open **DAY** and **NIGHT**, just like Hercule instructed.

Professor Brainymouse and his scientists worked around the clock. They worked every second of the day and — **squeak!** — every second of the night, too. They would have forgotten to eat if Tina hadn't come by every day with a pan full of triple-cheese **LASAGNA** to keep us all going!

The first day went pretty well. The second day, I started seeing **stars**. The third day, I had raccoon **EYES**. The fourth day, I looked like a **zombie**. By the fifth day, I was an enormous **mess!**



But the researchers were so engrossed in the Cheese Experiment, they **never seemed to get tired**! That was one tough team of mice!

That night, Wanda McSlice and Doc worked side by side in the **LAB**. They didn't look the least bit tired — not a single drooping whisker between them!

I tried to keep my **EYES** open, but I was getting soooooo sleepy. I tried drinking *fifteen cups* of tea to keep myself awake, but they didn't help at all! Cheese niblets!





In the dead of night, *Professor Brainymouse* came to check on how the work was going. He even brought me the ancient **BOOK** that talked about Blue Spot Disease.

“I think you’ll like it, Geronimo. It’s fascinating! I know you have a passion for old books.”

Just then Doc squeaked, “Professor Brainymouse, I just made a *mouserific discovery!*”

The professor and Doc scurried into a





corner to talk. Every so often, I could hear the professor cry out:

"FABUMOUSE! AMAZING! MOUSETASTIC!"

For a second, it seemed like Wanda McSlice was trying to eavesdrop on their conversation, but it was probably just my imagination. After all, she was on their team. Why would she need to **eavesdrop**?

With a shrug, I began flipping through the old book. Cheese and crackers — for a while, I **forgot** how tired I was! The book really was fabumouse. It described the **symptoms** of Blue Spot Disease and explained how it had spread many, many, many years ago. But it didn't say anything about a cause or a possible cure.

As I read, I noticed that some pages were **MISSING**. It looked like pages had been torn





from the book. **HOW STRANGE!**
But then again, the book was incredibly old.
The pages may have just **fallen** out over
time . . . right?

As I thought about it, I felt my
eyelids growing **heavier** . . . and
heavier . . . and **heavier**.
Then, without realizing it, I fell fast asleep!





A TOTAL, ABSOLUTE, DOWNRIGHT DISASTER!

When I finally woke up, I was **TIED** to the swivel chair like a mummy. Slimy Swiss cheese! A voice was **squeaking** urgently in my ear. “Wake up!”

I slowly opened my eyes. Standing in front of me was . . . Hercule! **PHEW!**

He untied me. Then, with his paws on his hips and a stern expression on his snout, he said, “Geronimo! What happened? Didn’t I tell you to keep your **EYES** open? I have to go, but meet me at the Cheese, Inc. factory in an hour. There’s definitely something **funny** going on!”

I finally looked around and noticed that

A TOTAL, ABSOLUTE,



DOWNRIGHT DISASTER!

the entire laboratory was in **shambles**:
upside-down test tubes, broken equipment,
flooded floors . . .

It was a total, absolute, downright disaster!

And in one corner, also tied up like a mummy, was Doc. She had a **HUGE LUMP** on her head and was completely unconscious. Whiskers wobbling, I scurried over to free her.



CHEESEBRAIN after all!"

focus. “What happened? Who **clunked** you on the head? Did you see anyone?”

she squeaked. “I had just finished telling the professor that I had found a possible **CURE** for **RODENTIA SPOTILITIS**. When he left, I turned back to my work. A second later, I felt a **THUMP** and blacked out . . .”

Wanda McSlice had disappeared! **HOW STRANGE!** Without wasting another moment, I set off the alarm.

WoowoooooWoooooooooooooo
ooooo
oo!

A TOTAL, ABSOLUTE,



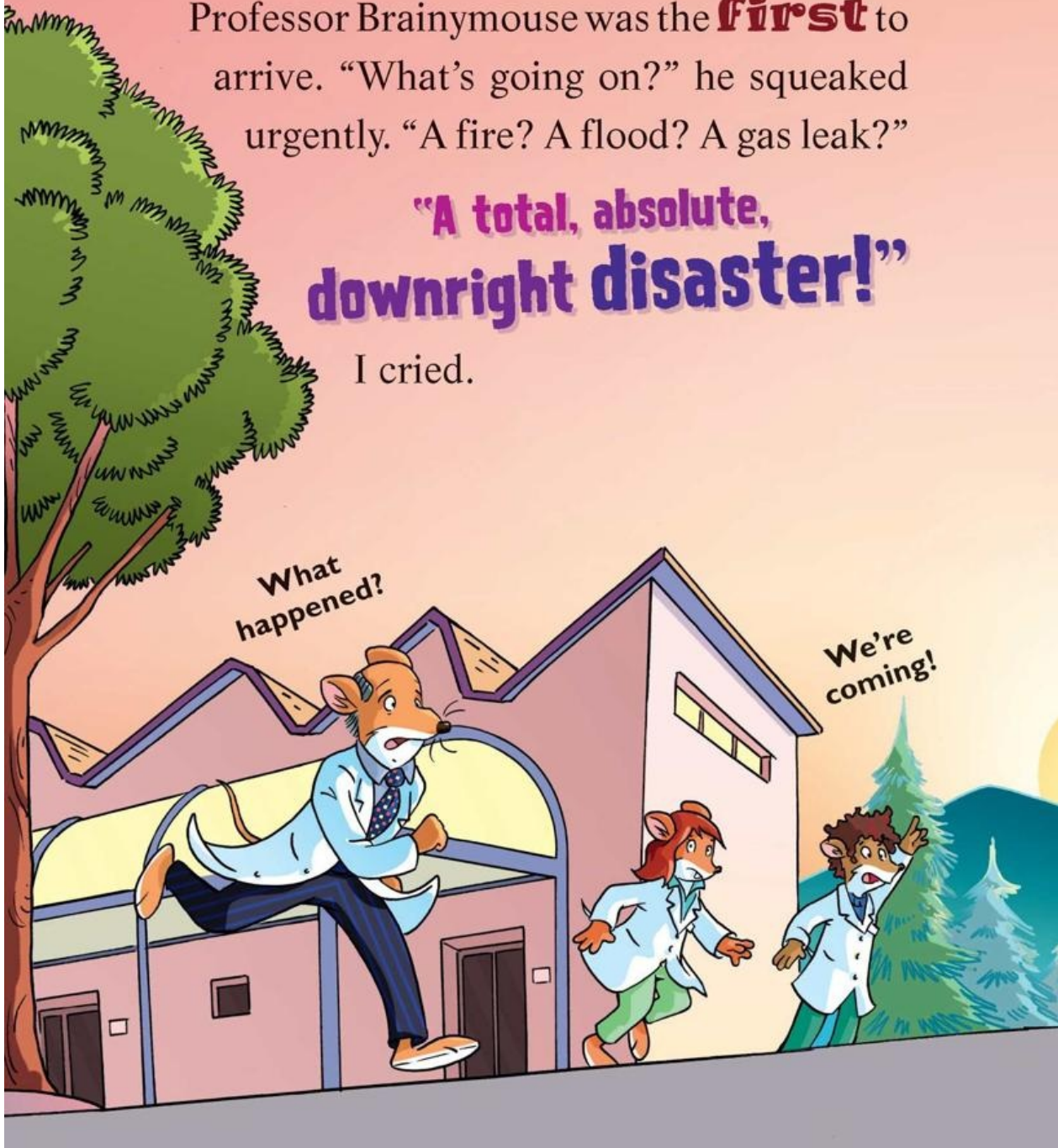
DOWNRIGHT DISASTER!

The alarm was the only way to alert all the scientists that something had happened!

Professor Brainymouse was the **first** to arrive. "What's going on?" he squeaked urgently. "A fire? A flood? A gas leak?"

**"A total, absolute,
downright disaster!"**

I cried.



A TOTAL, ABSOLUTE,



DOWNRIGHT DISASTER!

Soon, all the rodents on **CAMPUS** gathered in the emergency meeting place — the courtyard. The only one **MISSING** was Wanda McSlice. **HOW STRANGE!**

Benjamin, Buggy Wugsy, and Thea were there. I gave them each a reassuring **HUG**.
“Don’t get your tails in a twist! Everything’s under control . . . almost.”





Thea and I helped the professor inspect the laboratories. Unfortunately, everything was **destroyed**: the microscopes, the computers, the notes!

It was a total, absolute, downright disaster!

Rats — it was going to be impossible to move ahead with the Cheese Experiment!

Only someone truly **EVIL** could have destroyed all the work that so many rodents' **tails** depended on. (We rodents are very protective of our tails!)

At that moment, I felt a tug on my jacket. It was Benjamin and Buggy.

“Uncle G, we have an **idea**,” Benjamin said.

“Professor Brainymouse and his team could use the labs at our school!” Buggy exclaimed. “Think about it: They’re brand-new, and

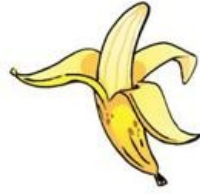


they have cutting-edge **computers** and microscopes, too!”

Holey cheese! It was a truly fabumouse idea!

I hugged them both. “**Mousetastic** thinking — I’m proud of you! Maybe there’s still hope for a cure . . .”





WANT A BANANA?

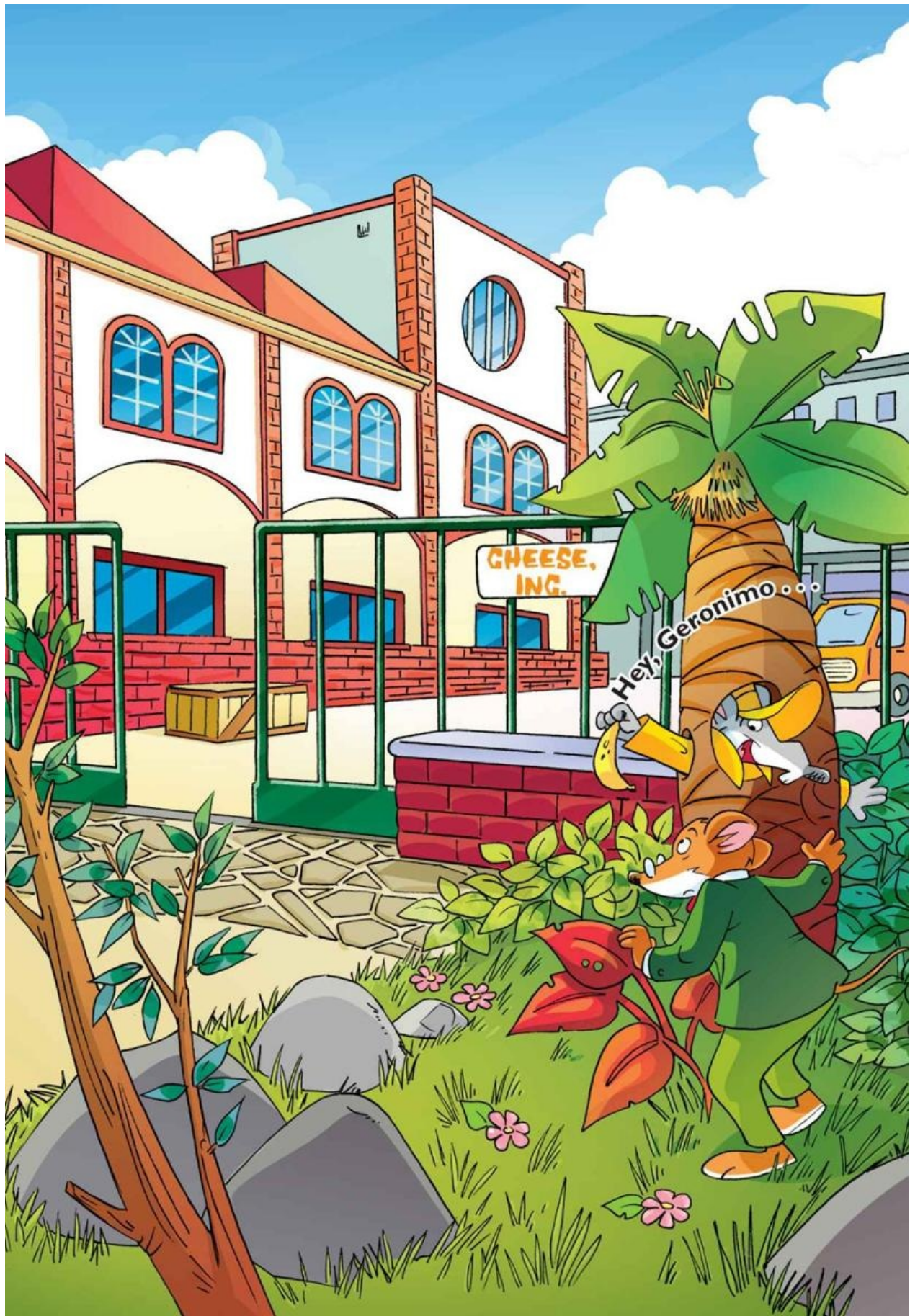
Quick as a mouse on a cheese hunt, I called the school principal and New Mouse City's mayor to get permission to use the school **LABORATORIES**.

Professor Brainymouse and his colleagues headed for the school to resume their **research**. In the meantime, I scurried to meet Hercule at the Cheese, Inc. factory. I ducked behind a **BANANA PLANT** and peeked at the factory — but as I did, the plant **SPOKE**!

“Psssssst! Hey, Geronimo, want a banana?”

ACK! It was Hercule again!

He signaled for me to be **quiet**. Then he reached into the pocket of his yellow trench coat and pulled out a pair of powerful



binoculars and a strange listening device he had invented to hear distant conversations. He gave them to me and **whispered**, “Here, Geronimo. Something **SUSPICIOUS** is happening down there, or my name isn’t Hercule Poirat!”

I put on the headphones and pointed the **B I N O C U L A R S** toward



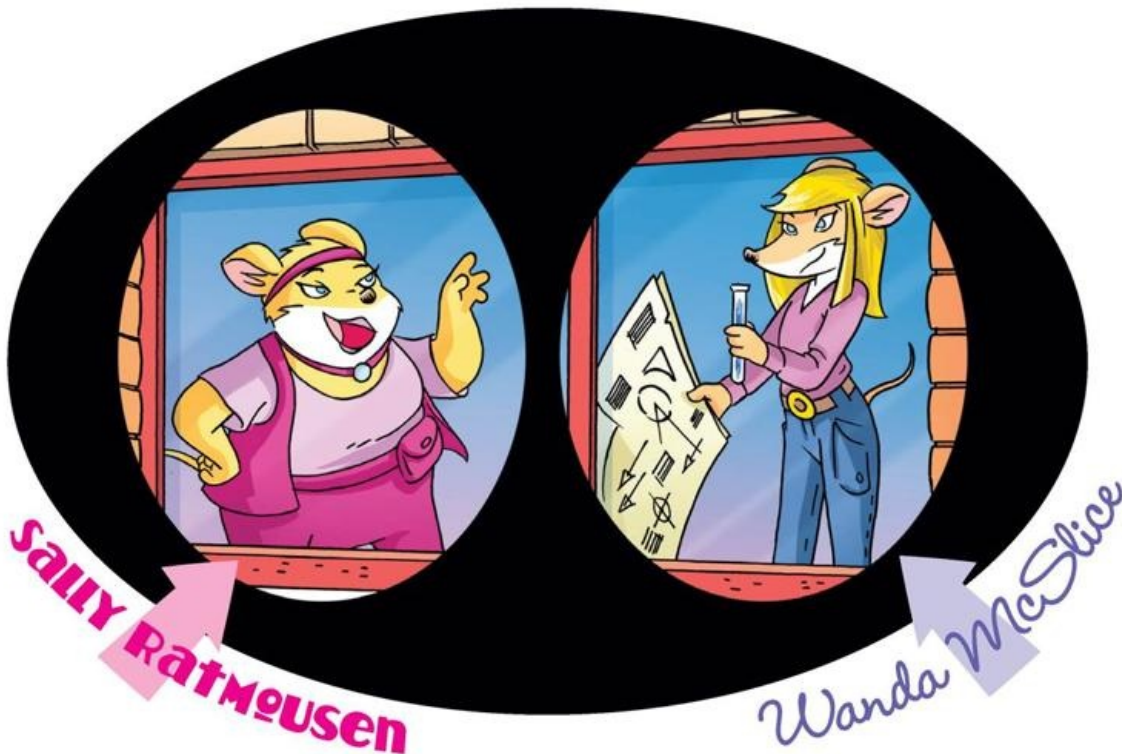
an open window on the first floor. **Double-twisted rat tails!**

I couldn’t believe my eyes . . .

In a room on the first floor of the **Cheese, Inc.** factory, I spotted none other than Sally Ratmousen and . . . Wanda McSlice!

In Wanda's paws, I could see the **SCIENTISTS'** notes and a test tube full of liquid. Rancid ricotta! I turned on my headphones and listened carefully.

"**Good job!**" Sally said. "You were right to destroy the Cheese Experiment. Doc was about to discover the **CURE** for



rodentia spotilitis — but we need to keep it to ourselves! With it, we can ransom all the infected mice. They'll have to give us an enormouse **pile of gold** or . . . *good-bye, tails!*"

Wanda McSlice squeaked, "Yes, but don't forget it was **my** idea to spread rodentia spotilitis throughout the city. **I was the one** who found the description of the disease in that ancient library book. **I was the one** to infiltrate the labs. **I was the one** to stop Professor Brainymouse's team!"

Sally squeaked, "How dare you! This is **my** factory! **I** built it, **I** prepared the concentrate to spread the rodentia spotilitis, and **I** had my airplanes spray it across the city! **It was all me!**"

Rotten rats' teeth! What horrible rodents! We had to **STOP** them — and fast!

Without thinking twice, Hercule and I ran to the building, **LEAPED** through the window, and bounded into the room.

Hercule bellowed fiercely,

“Hercuuuule Poiraaaat is heeeere!”

Then he added, “**We got you!**”

But Sally and Wanda burst out laughing.



WANT A  BANANA?

“Ha, ha, ha! Try to stop us, cheesebrains!”

Sally sneered. “Rodentia spotilitis is everywhere, and we’re the only ones with the cure. Either we get a **SACK** of gold, or you can say good-bye to your **TAILS!**”





LET'S TEACH THOSE RATS A LESSON!

Whiskers **trembling** with anger, I squeaked, “Shame on you, Sally! And Dr. McSlice, you should be **ASHAMED**, too — a scientist should never behave like this!”

“Actually, I’m not a **scientist**,” she squeaked with a sly smile. “I’m not even **Wanda McSlice!**”

She pulled off her wig and top layer of clothing. Holey cheese — it was the **SHADOW!**

“And I’m not Sally!” the other rodent added, tearing off her disguise, too — **it was the nefarious Sleezer!**

Before Hercule and I could even squeak, the two thieves jumped out the window,

THEIR TRUE IDENTITIES!



First Name: The Shadow

Last Name: Ratmousen

Who She Is: Sally Ratmousen's cousin

Profession: The most notorious thief in New Mouse City! She's willing to do anything to get rich.

Unusual Characteristics: She's known for her clever disguises. She uses a different disguise for every job!



First Name: Sleezer

Last Name: No one knows

Who He Is: A true mystery — no one is sure who he is!

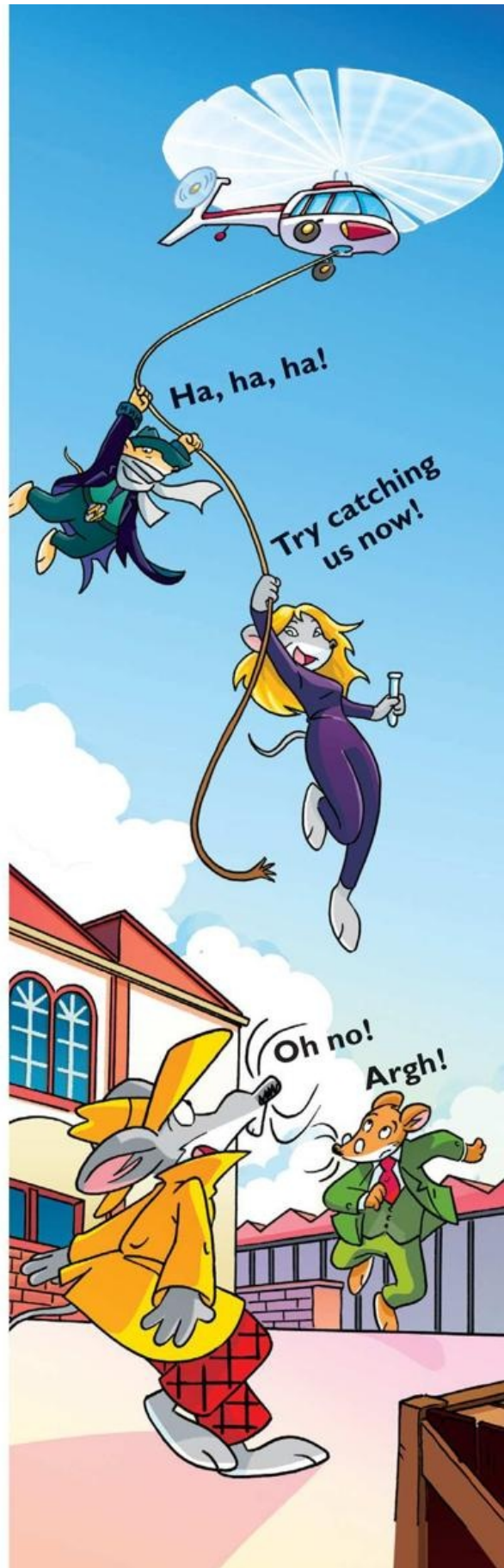
Profession: The most evil, troublemaking rodent on all of Mouse Island

Unusual Characteristics: He always wears a dark trench coat and a large-brimmed hat to hide his snout.

shouting, “Remember!
We want a **STACK
OF CASH** or **GOOD-
BYE, TAILS**! We’ll be
contacting the mayor
soon!”

We **CHASED** them
as **FAST** as our paws
would carry us. We
were closing in when
a helicopter appeared
out of nowhere and
lowered a rope. Sleezer
and the **SHADOW**
quickly grabbed on.

As they flew away,
they **CRIED**, “Try
catching us now,
cheddarheads!”





Suddenly, we heard a **NOISE** in the room we had just left. It seemed to be coming from inside a cabinet. We flung the cabinet door open — and found **Sally Ratmousen** inside!

“It’s about time!” she squeaked with a sigh. “Thank you, Geronimo! Wanda McSlice — I mean, the Shadow — locked me in here after she tricked me into **funding** her research!”

“I’m so happy you’re not working with





that awful **SEWER RAT**, Sally —” I began.

But Sally interrupted me. “I am, and will always be, your **ENEMY**! This is just a short truce, for the **GOOD** of all mice. Then we’ll go back to being enemies, just like before!”

I shook her paw. “You’re one of my competitors, but you will never be an enemy! But fine. **TRUCE!**”



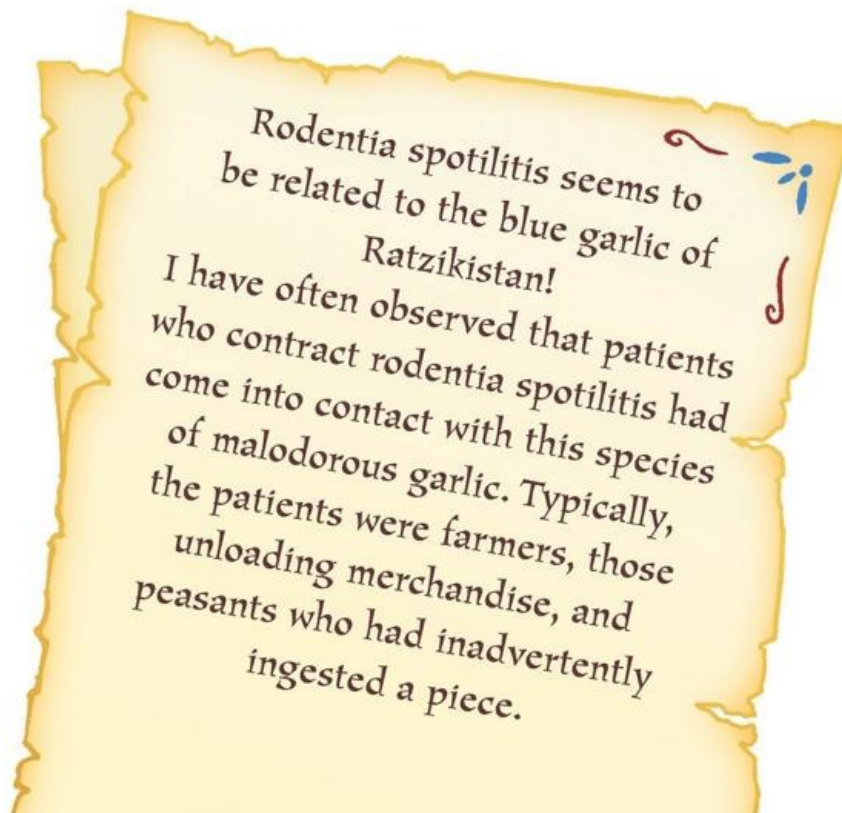


Hercule reached into his trench coat and pulled out a tray holding *three glasses* of banana smoothie.

“How about we toast to it?” he squeaked.

As we toasted, I noticed that the Shadow had dropped **TWO SHEETS OF PAPER**...

Cheese and crackers — these were the pages torn out of the old rodentia spotilitis



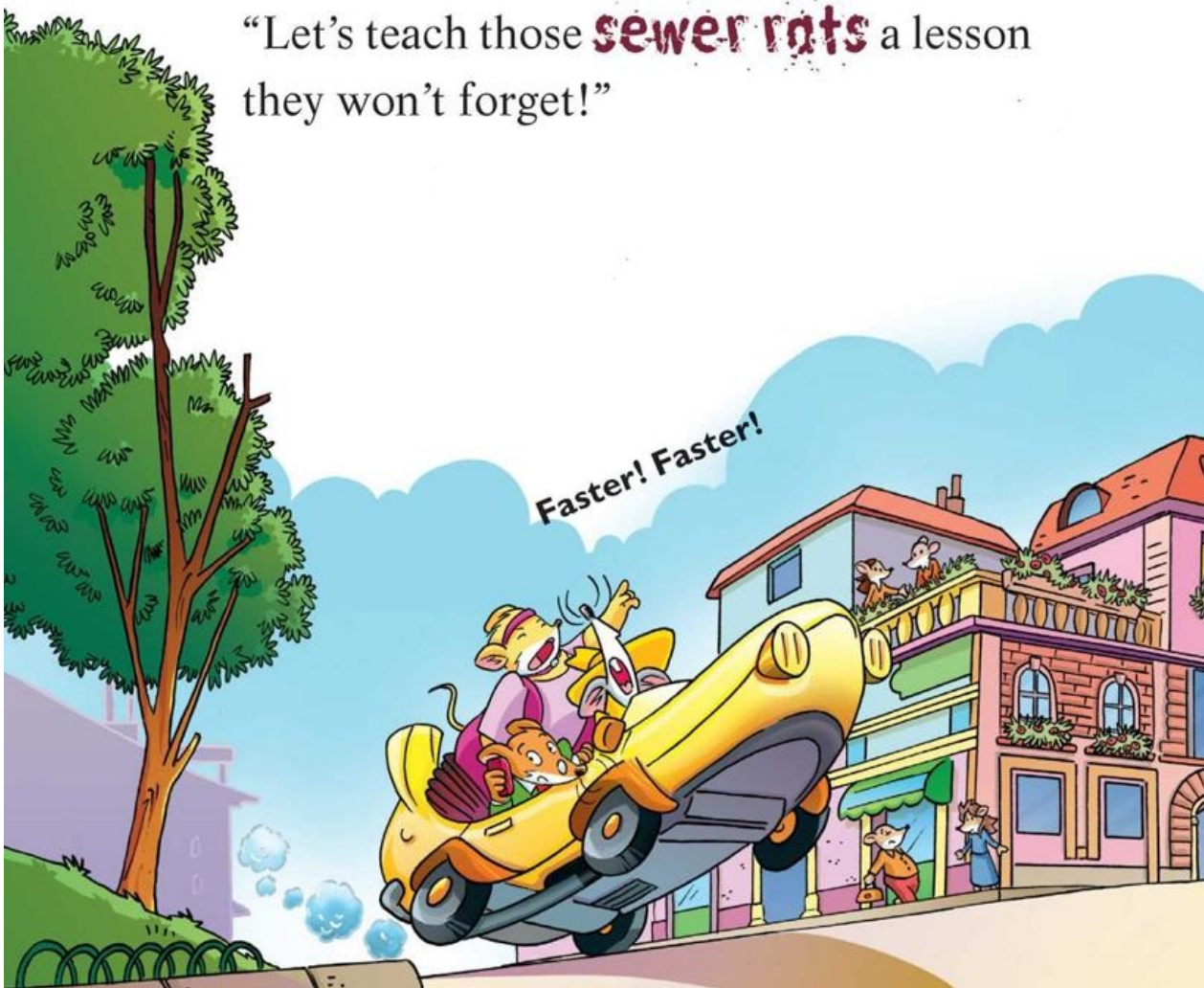


book! And they contained **enormously important** information! This could almost certainly help Professor Brainymouse find a cure.

We jumped into Hercule's **BANANAMOBILE** and zoomed to the school laboratories.

"Faster, Hercule, faster!" Sally urged.

"Let's teach those **sewer rats** a lesson they won't forget!"





FRIENDS TOGETHER! MICE FOREVER!

A few moments later, we pulled up in front of Benjamin and Bugsy Wugsy's school. We hightailed it to the laboratory, frantically waving the two missing pages from the **old**

book on Blue Spot Disease.

We have
the cure!



Professor Brainymouse scampered toward us, took the pages in his paws, and stared at them for a long time, **MURMURING**, "Hmm . . . interesting . . ."

Without squeaking another word, he closed himself inside the lab with his **team**.

When he finally came out,



he announced, “Friends, we found the cure for **BLUE SPOT DISEASE** — but it needs to be administered within a few hours or it will be too late!”

“Give it to me!” cried Sally. “I can produce an **enormouse** amount of it in my factory!”

“And I’ll use my plane to **SPRAY** it over the city,” Thea added.

“And I’ll keep morale high with my fabumouse *jokes*!” Trap exclaimed. (I tried not to roll my eyes.)

“I’ll get out a news flash about the **CURE**!” I squeaked.

Doc piped up, too. “And I’ll take care of organizing a **giant party** to get as many mice as possible in one place!”

We all put our paws together and shouted, “**Friends together! Mice forever!**”

FRIENDS TOGETHER!



MICE FOREVER!

We scampered off as fast as our paws would take us. With Benjamin and Bugsy's help, I wrote a long **article** for *The Rodent's Gazette* titled "**The Cheese Experiment.**" Our readers needed to know the whole truth





about Blue Spot Disease, not to mention Sleezer and the Shadow's blackmail plans!

Once my article was finished and sent to the printer, I remembered that I had barely closed my eyes in days.

I was sleepier than a marathon mouse!

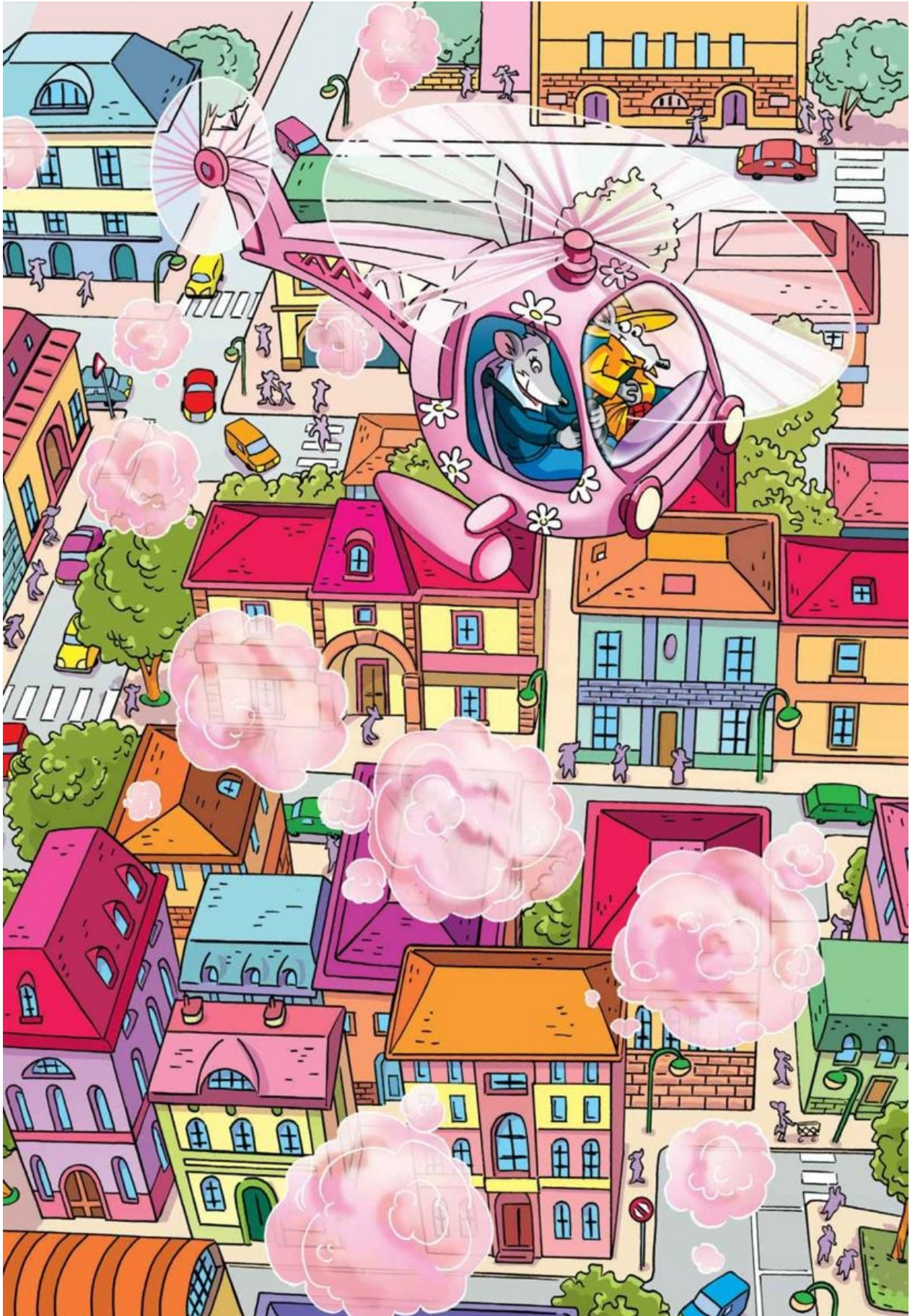
I suddenly felt my eyelids become heavier, and heavier, and **heavier**! I spotted Thea flying over the city in her plane before I fell asleep with a thump.

ZZZZZZZZZZ!

When I woke up, Hercule's snout was right in my face. Standing next to him were Thea, Trap, Benjamin, Buggy Wuggy, and *Professor Brainymouse* — all staring at me with worried looks on their snouts.

HOW STRANGE!

I touched my face and — **cheese niblets!** — felt a huge bump on the tip



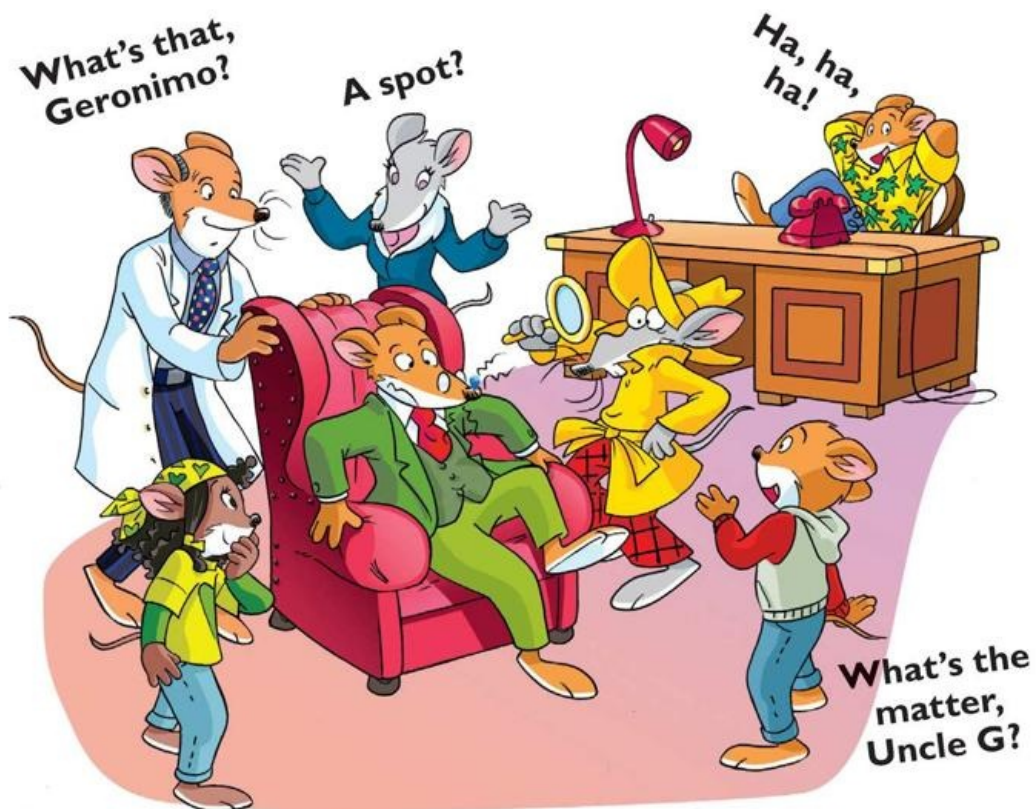


of my snout. “**Noooooo! A blue spot!**”

I almost **fainted** from fright, but Trap burst out laughing.

“You’re such a cheesebrain, Cousin!” he said. “Did you like my little joke? It’s just a **f a k e s p o t** — the rodentia spotilitis has been cured!”

It was a **HORRIBLE JOKE**, but I was





so relieved that I couldn't stay angry. I burst out laughing.

"Thundering Cat tails — let's party!"

And so the Cheese Experiment came to an end with a bit of a **score**, a **laugh**, and a **party** with good friends. It was a fabumouse adventure — but we never would have discovered the cure if we hadn't



FRIENDS TOGETHER!



MICE FOREVER!

worked together. After all, every problem has a solution — **and together, we can find it!**

So long until my next adventure!

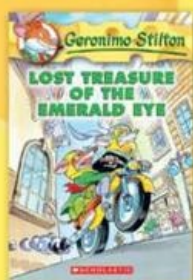
Your friend,

Geronimo Stilton

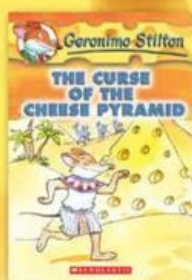




**Be sure to read all my
fabumouse adventures!**



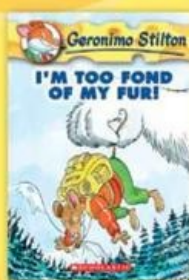
#1 Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye



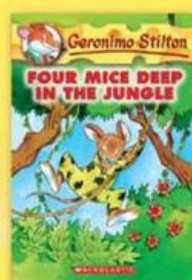
#2 The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid



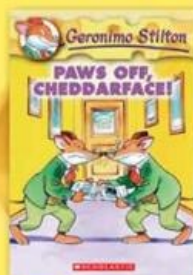
#3 Cat and Mouse in a Haunted House



#4 I'm Too Fond of My Fur!



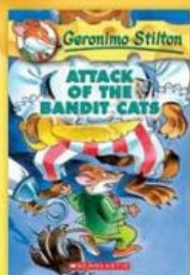
#5 Four Mice Deep in the Jungle



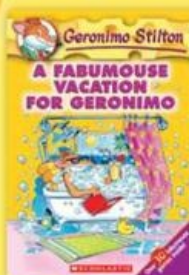
#6 Paws Off, Cheddarface!



#7 Red Pizzas for a Blue Count



#8 Attack of the Bandit Cats



#9 A Fabumouse Vacation for Geronimo



#10 All Because of a Cup of Coffee



#11 It's Halloween, You 'Fraidy Mouse!



#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!



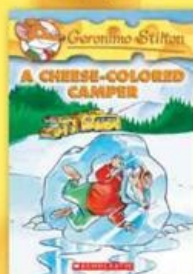
#13 The Phantom of the Subway



#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire



#15 The Mona Mousa Code



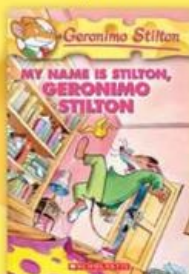
#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper



#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!



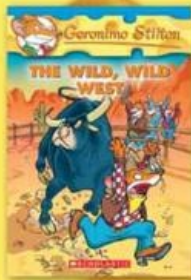
#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands



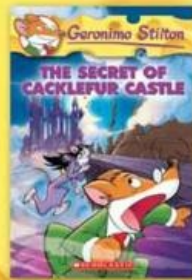
#19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton



#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!



#21 The Wild, Wild West



#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle



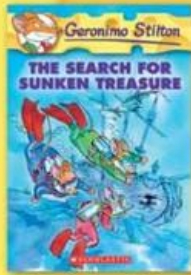
A Christmas Tale



#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



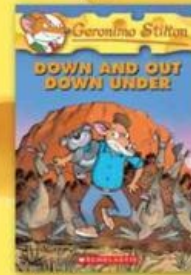
#26 The Mummy with No Name



#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



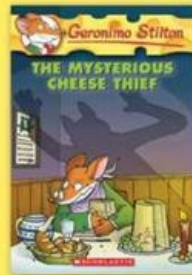
#28 Wedding Crasher



#29 Down and Out Down Under



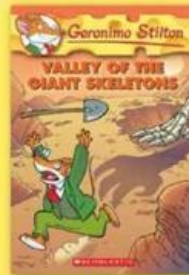
#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



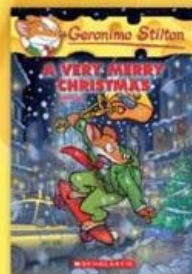
#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



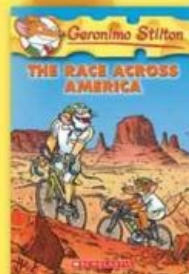
#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



#35 A Very Merry Christmas



#36 Geronimo's Valentine



#37 The Race Across America



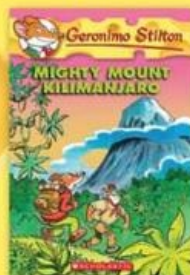
#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



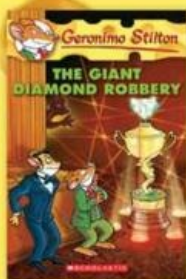
#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



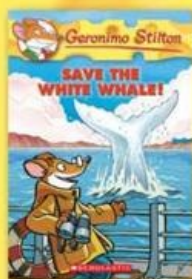
#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



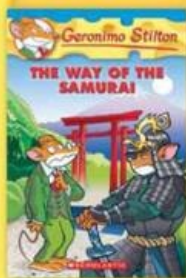
#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



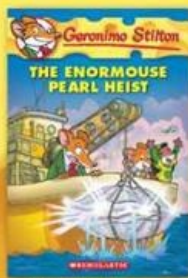
#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted!



#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist



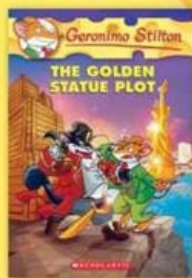
#52 Mouse in Space!



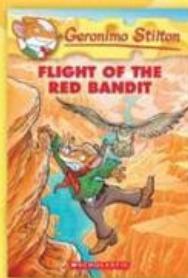
#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



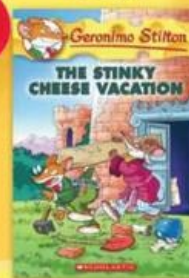
#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



The Hunt for the Golden Book



#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation



#58 The Super Chef Contest



#59 Welcome to Moldy Manor



The Hunt for the Curious Cheese



#60 The Treasure of Easter Island



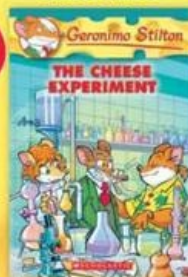
#61 Mouse House Hunter



#62 Mouse Overboard!



The Hunt for the Secret Papyrus



#63 The Cheese Experiment



#64 Magical Mission

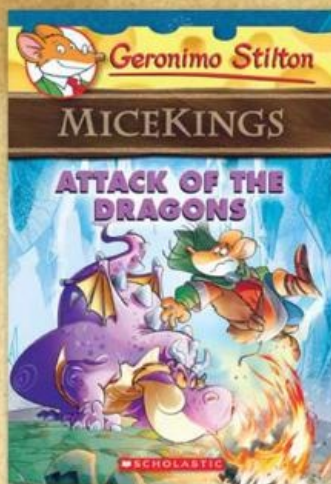


Up next!

MEET Geronimo Stiltonord



He is a mouseking – the Geronimo Stilton of the ancient far north! He lives with his brawny and brave clan in the village of Mouseborg. From sailing frozen waters to facing fiery dragons, every day is an adventure for the micekings!



**#1 Attack of the
Dragons**



**#2 The Famouse
Fjord Race**



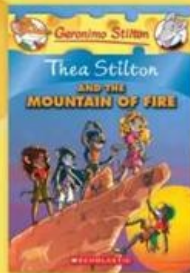
**#3 Pull the
Dragon's Tooth!**



**Don't miss
any of these
Thea Sisters
adventures!**



**Thea Stilton and the
Dragon's Code**



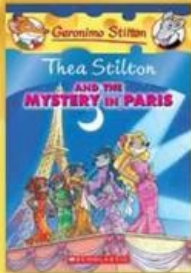
**Thea Stilton and the
Mountain of Fire**



**Thea Stilton and the
Ghost of the Shipwreck**



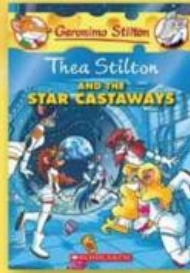
**Thea Stilton and the
Secret City**



**Thea Stilton and the
Mystery in Paris**



**Thea Stilton and the
Cherry Blossom Adventure**



**Thea Stilton and the
Star Castaways**



**Thea Stilton: Big Trouble
in the Big Apple**



**Thea Stilton and the
Ice Treasure**



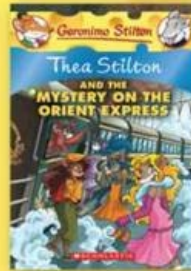
**Thea Stilton and the
Secret of the Old Castle**



**Thea Stilton and the
Blue Scarab Hunt**



**Thea Stilton and the
Prince's Emerald**



**Thea Stilton and the Mystery
on the Orient Express**



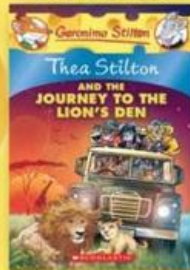
**Thea Stilton and the
Dancing Shadows**



**Thea Stilton and the
Legend of the Fire Flowers**



**Thea Stilton and the
Spanish Dance Mission**



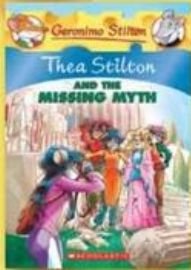
**Thea Stilton and the
Journey to the Lion's Den**



**Thea Stilton and the
Great Tulip Heist**



**Thea Stilton and the
Chocolate Sabotage**



**Thea Stilton and the
Missing Myth**



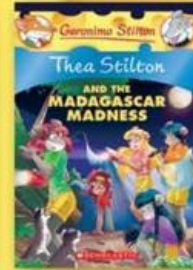
**Thea Stilton and the
Lost Letters**



**Thea Stilton and the
Tropical Treasure**



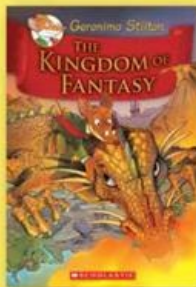
**Thea Stilton and the
Hollywood Hoax**



**Thea Stilton and the
Madagascar Madness**



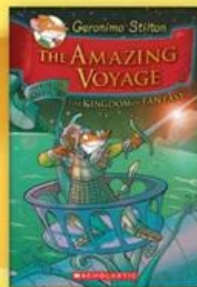
Don't miss
any of my
very special
editions!



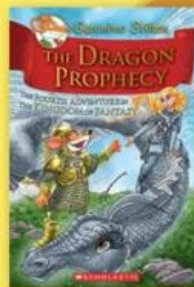
**THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:**
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY



**THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:**
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:**
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



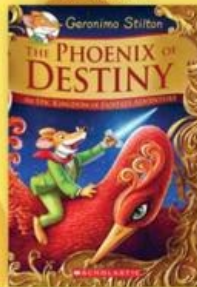
**THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:**
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE SEARCH
FOR TREASURE:**
THE SIXTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE ENCHANTED
CHARMS:**
THE SEVENTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE PHOENIX
OF DESTINY:**
AN EPIC KINGDOM OF
FANTASY ADVENTURE



**THE HOUR OF
MAGIC:**
THE EIGHTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE WIZARD'S
WAND:**
THE NINTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY



**THE JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME**



BACK IN TIME:
THE SECOND JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME



**THE RACE
AGAINST TIME:**
THE THIRD JOURNEY
THROUGH TIME

MEET GERONIMO STILTONiX



He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship *MouseStar 1*. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!



#1 Alien Escape



#2 You're Mine, Captain!



#3 Ice Planet Adventure



#4 The Galactic Goal



#5 Rescue Rebellion



#6 The Underwater Planet



#7 Beware! Space Junk!



#8 Away in a Star Sled



Meet GERONIMO STILTONOOT

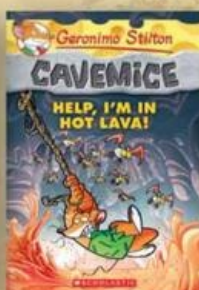
He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



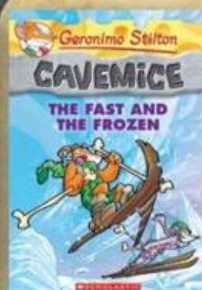
#1 The Stone of Fire



#2 Watch Your Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in Hot Lava!



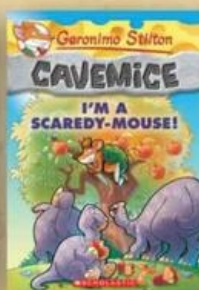
#4 The Fast and the Frozen



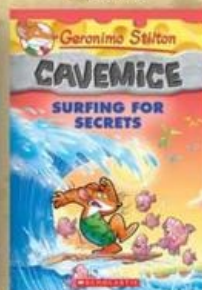
#5 The Great Mouse Race



#6 Don't Wake the Dinosaur!



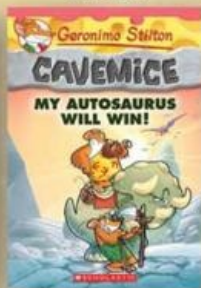
#7 I'm a Scaredy-Mouse!



#8 Surfing for Secrets



#9 Get the Scoop, Geronimo!



#10 My Autosaurus Will Win!



#11 Sea Monster Surprise



#12 Paws off the Pearl!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

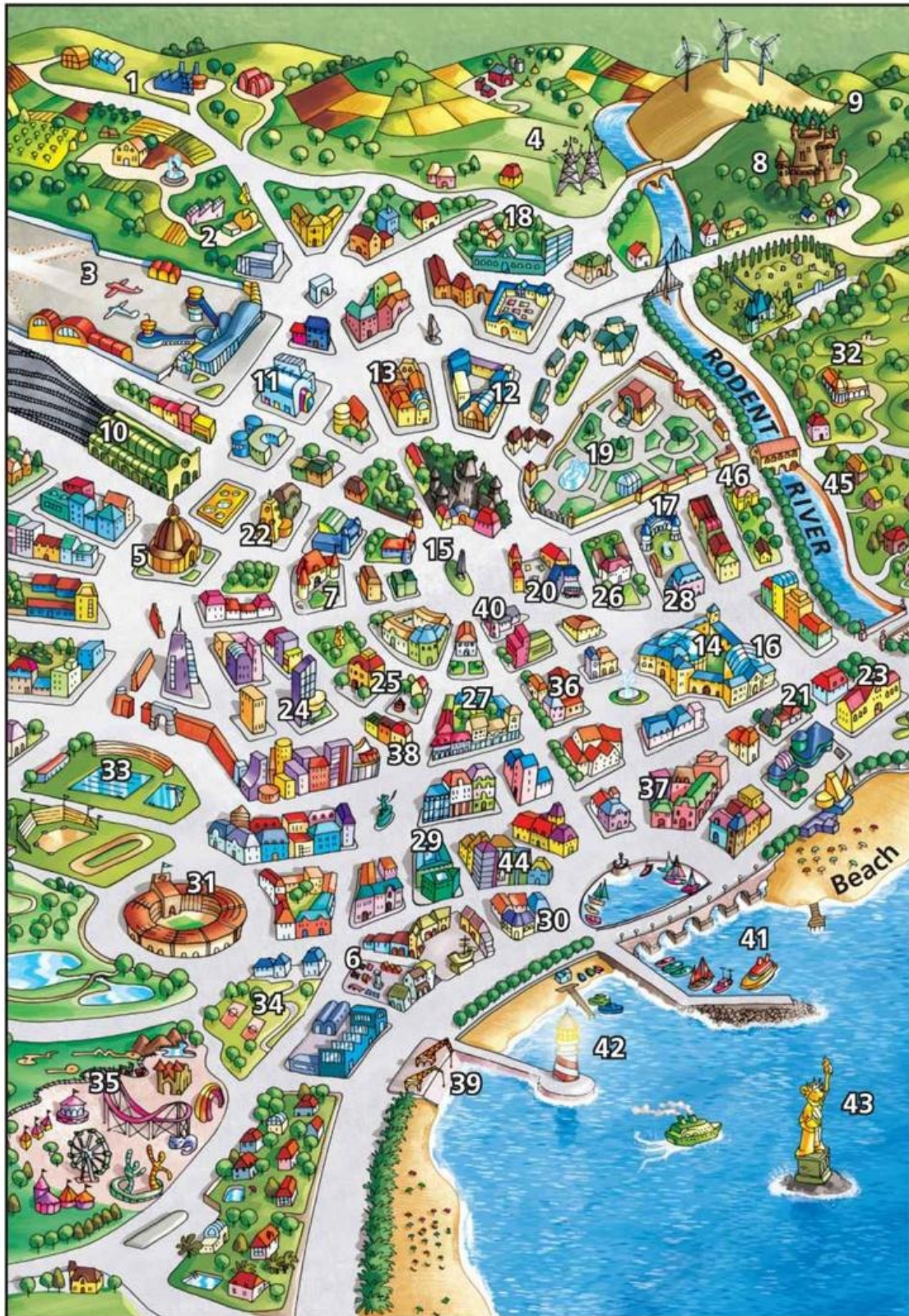


Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

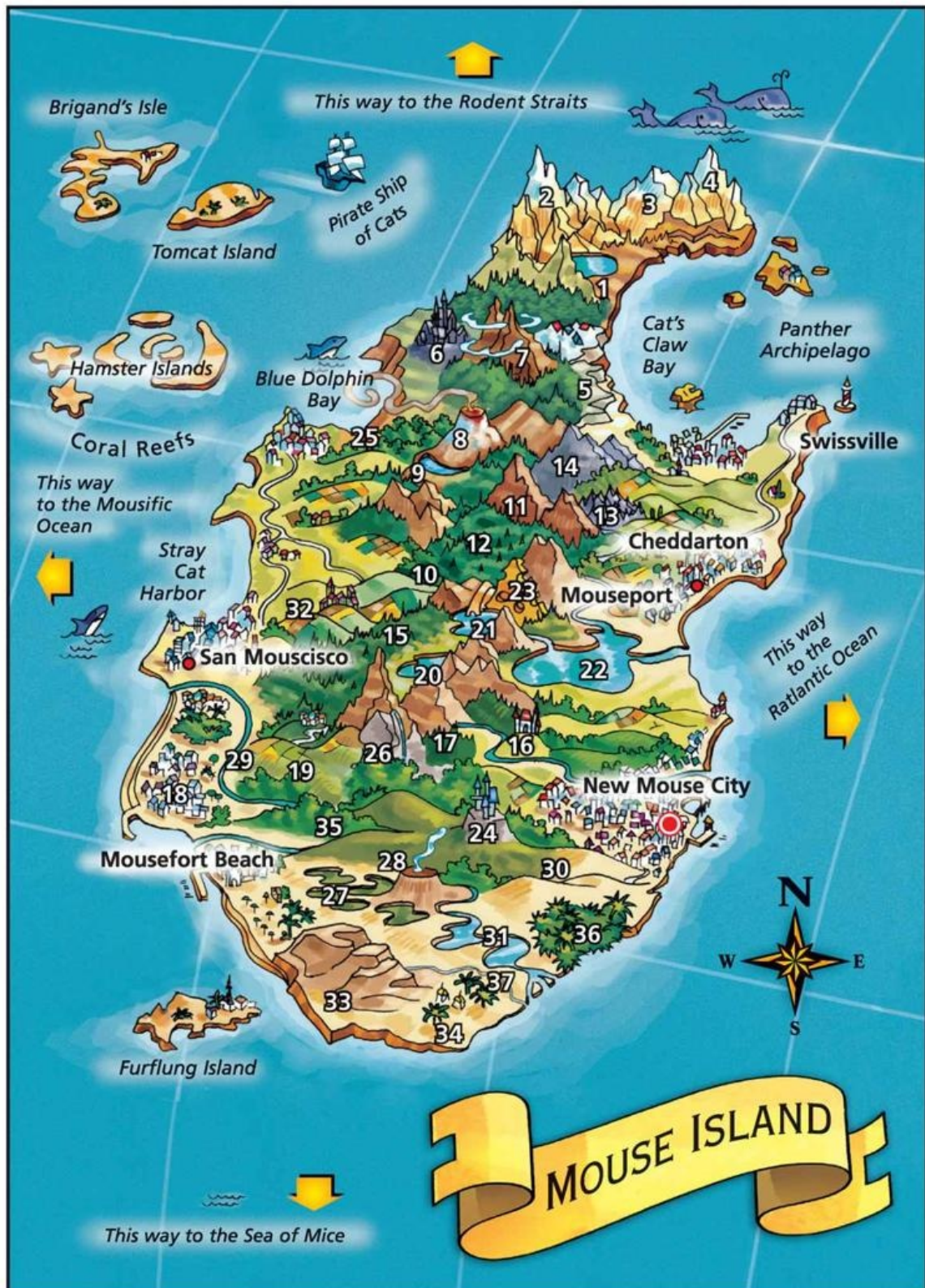
In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.





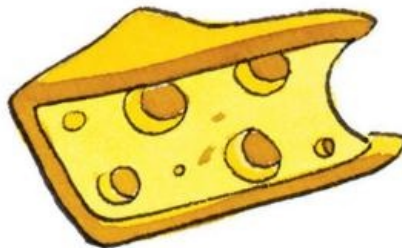
Map of New Mouse City

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Industrial Zone | 24. <i>The Daily Rat</i> |
| 2. Cheese Factories | 25. <i>The Rodent's Gazette</i> |
| 3. Angorat International Airport | 26. Trap's House |
| 4. WRAT Radio and Television Station | 27. Fashion District |
| 5. Cheese Market | 28. The Mouse House Restaurant |
| 6. Fish Market | 29. Environmental Protection Center |
| 7. Town Hall | 30. Harbor Office |
| 8. Snotnose Castle | 31. Mousidon Square Garden |
| 9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island | 32. Golf Course |
| 10. Mouse Central Station | 33. Swimming Pool |
| 11. Trade Center | 34. Tennis Courts |
| 12. Movie Theater | 35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park |
| 13. Gym | 36. Geronimo's House |
| 14. Catnegie Hall | 37. Historic District |
| 15. Singing Stone Plaza | 38. Public Library |
| 16. The Gouda Theater | 39. Shipyard |
| 17. Grand Hotel | 40. Thea's House |
| 18. Mouse General Hospital | 41. New Mouse Harbor |
| 19. Botanical Gardens | 42. Luna Lighthouse |
| 20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store) | 43. The Statue of Liberty |
| 21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House | 44. Hercule Poirat's Office |
| 22. Museum of Modern Art | 45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House |
| 23. University and Library | 46. Grandfather William's House |



Map of Mouse Island

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Big Ice Lake | 21. Lake Lakelake |
| 2. Frozen Fur Peak | 22. Lake Lakelakelake |
| 3. Slipperyslopes Glacier | 23. Cheddar Crag |
| 4. Coldcreeps Peak | 24. Cannycat Castle |
| 5. Ratzikistan | 25. Valley of the Giant Sequoia |
| 6. Transratania | 26. Cheddar Springs |
| 7. Mount Vamp | 27. Sulfurous Swamp |
| 8. Roastedrat Volcano | 28. Old Reliable Geyser |
| 9. Brimstone Lake | 29. Vole Vale |
| 10. Poopedcat Pass | 30. Ravingrat Ravine |
| 11. Stinko Peak | 31. Gnat Marshes |
| 12. Dark Forest | 32. Munster Highlands |
| 13. Vain Vampires Valley | 33. Mousehara Desert |
| 14. Goose Bumps Gorge | 34. Oasis of the Sweaty Camel |
| 15. The Shadow Line Pass | 35. Cabbagehead Hill |
| 16. Penny Pincher Castle | 36. Rattytrap Jungle |
| 17. Nature Reserve Park | 37. Rio Mosquito |
| 18. Las Ratayas Marinas | |
| 19. Fossil Forest | |
| 20. Lake Lake | |



Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
till the next book.
It'll be another whisker-licking-good
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton



GERONIMO STILTON



THEA



TRAP



BENJAMIN

Who is Geronimo Stilton?

That's me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing adventure stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are funny, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are whisker-licking-good tales, and that's a promise!

THE CHEESE EXPERIMENT

New Mouse City was in a panic. A strange epidemic had broken out — mice everywhere were covered in weird blue spots! Mouse Island's most famous doctor immediately set to work with his team to try to find the cure . . . but someone was trying to stop him. Could I find out who before I ended up blue myself?

www.scholastic.com/geronimostilton

www.geronimostilton.com

 **SCHOLASTIC**



More leveling information for this book:
www.scholastic.com/readinglevel